

The Sketch

No. 1100.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



SHE WEEPS TO CONQUER! MRS. PARBURY EMPLOYS THE TYRANNY OF TEARS—MISS ETHEL IRVING.

As "Sketch" readers are no doubt well aware, Mr. C. Haddon Chambers' "The Tyranny of Tears" has been revived most successfully at the Comedy Theatre; with Miss Ethel Irving as Mrs. Parbury, Mr. Robert Loraine as Mr. Parbury, and Miss Evelyn D'Alroy as Hyacinth Woodward.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

FANCY - DRESS COMPETITION: SPECIAL NOTICE.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to the fact that we are offering a costume to the value of £10, and a purple, green, red, yellow, or any other colour wig to the value of £5, to the first prize-winner and the second prize-winner respectively of the competition we announce on page 234. Our object is to find out who has designed or worn the most original fancy-dress. You have no time to lose, as photographs must reach us before March 11th next. Again, we would say, read carefully the announcement on page 234.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Mr. Kipling on Smells.

That was a magnificent tribute that Mr. Rudyard Kipling paid, in his speech before the Royal Geographical Society, to the steady and continued progress of the human race. I am rejoiced to find that Mr. Kipling is not of that vast company that can find nothing good in the world as we know it, but belongs to the very small and much-derided group of optimists. "There is no break in the line, no loads are missing. The men of the present have begun the discovery of the new world with the same devoutly careless passion as their predecessors completed the discovery of the old." There is the true Kipling ring about this. When Kipling says "men" he makes you feel that he means men—men who can lead without bullying and obey without fawning.

But I do not like Mr. Kipling so much when he says that, wherever a few travellers are gathered together, they compare enthusiastic and affectionate notes on the subject of smells. Without the least desire to speak disrespectfully, I would suggest that this philosophy of smells could not have come from any man but a teetotaller. I have travelled a little myself, and I have heard a great deal of travel-talk, and I have observed that travellers are wont to associate their memory of a certain country with a certain drink there to be obtained. A flavour in a drink will carry a man's memory further, and more quickly, and more pleasantly than any number of smells. At least, that is my humble opinion.

One of the evils of teetotalism is that the olfactory nerves become abnormally sensitive.

A Jumpy Scene.

Last week I pleaded for a little more human nature in the Parliamentary sketches of our daily newspapers. One gentleman, whether by way of response or merely by accident, draws a picture of the House of Commons on wires. Here are a few of his human touches—

"What about pheasants?" chortled the Opposition.

"Mangolds," gibed the Unionists.

"Limehouse," shouted Lord Robert Cecil.

Mr. Rupert Gwynne, lying back in his seat, rapped out the query, and again the House was in a momentary uproar.

Mr. Gwynne sprang to his feet.

Lord Robert Cecil saw in a flash . . .

The House rang with laughter.

"Hear, hear," cried Lord Robert again at the top of his voice.

Comments flung across the table by Lord Hugh Cecil.

"Withdraw! Withdraw!" they demanded angrily.

Mr. Runciman flung across the table an observation to Mr. Long.

"I don't understand that remark," protested Mr. Long, springing up.

Once more the House was in a turmoil of excitement.

Speaking amid excited cries of "Withdraw!"

And the Serjeant-at-Arms, I suppose, never knew that anything out-of-the-way was happening!

Welcome to Mr. Thornton.

I cannot quite understand the tremendous fuss that has been made over the appointment of an American as general manager of the Great Eastern Railway. What is the reason for all the talk? Surely, nothing could be better than a little exchange of ideas on the vast subject of managing a railway. There are plenty of Englishmen holding big positions in America, and the English who go to America are invariably treated with the greatest kindness and cordiality. It would be more becoming in us, I should fancy, to welcome Mr. Thornton as heartily as any English railway-man would be welcomed in America, and for our railway-men to learn

as much as they can from Mr. Thornton before he returns, laden, I trust, with honours, to the land of his birth.

There are things that American railway-men can learn from this country, and there are also things that English railway-men can learn from America. We can learn, for example, to do away with our stuffy little compartments, that simply beg for crimes to be committed in them, and to substitute the fine Pullman cars that are the rule all over America. And some of our railways—I do not mention any in particular—might learn from America to cook and serve a dinner on a train that would compare favourably with a meal in a good restaurant.

Here, to begin with, are two things that they do well on American railroads.

Scarcely Worth Mentioning.

It is a trite enough saying that human beings can get used to anything. I take, for example, a short paragraph from my evening paper—

"A large party of wedding guests, about two hundred in number, had assembled on the platform, and as Lord and Lady Weardale were walking along the platform a woman, supposed to be a Suffragette, approached from behind, and struck his Lordship a blow with a dog-whip. His Lordship fell to the platform, but the woman was at once seized by station officials and prevented from striking his Lordship again."

How many people, having read that amazing paragraph, would even be interested in it? How many would be sufficiently interested to talk about it over the dinner-table? If it had happened ten years ago, we should have been amazed and excited; now we actually take it as a matter of course that a gentleman, walking with his wife along the platform of a railway-station, should be hit over the head from behind with a dog-whip and knocked down. Almost everybody, nowadays, seems to be hit over the head with a dog-whip, sooner or later. What is the result? Nothing in particular. A paragraph in the paper, an appearance in a police-court, and the matter is over and forgotten. Which goes to show that we still know nothing whatever of the elasticity of human nature.

The Nursemaid and the Motor.

Having recently become a motorist, I have made several discoveries. One of them is that the nursemaid is callous to the sound of a motor-horn. The average nursemaid behaves in this way. She begins by collecting at least two other nursemaids with perambulators—more if possible. They then leave the pavement or footpath, because you cannot wheel three perambulators abreast on a pavement or footpath, and form up in line all across the road. An engrossing topic of conversation, such as the cruelty and meanness of mistresses, is soon hit upon, and they pursue it with zeal and earnestness.

Presently, a motorist comes along and sounds his horn. The three take no notice whatever. He slackens speed, and again sounds his horn. The effect on the nursemaids is still nil. The motorist, being now within twenty yards of the chattering females and their helpless little charges, toots more and more violently. The nursemaids do not even turn their heads, much less their wheels. At last the motorist, now within one yard of them, shouts and yells. "Oh, bother!" exclaim the three, and they slowly and sulkily make way.

All this is very well so long as the motorist has his machine and his temper well under control; but supposing he hasn't? Supposing, for example, his brakes stick at the wrong moment?

I commend this note to the attention of every mother in the land.

BRIDE, GROOM, AND MAIDS: THE PEEL-SPENCER WEDDING.



1. THE BRIDESMAIDS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY MARGARET SPENCER, MISS MARGARET REID, LADY LAVINIA SPENCER, MISS VICTORIA REID, MISS ROSEMARY PEEL, AND MISS HAZEL GOLDMAN.

2. THE BRIDE SMILING AND THE GROOM SERIOUS AMONGST THE BOY SCOUTS: THE HON. SIDNEY PEEL AND LADY ADELAIDE PEEL LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

3. THE BRIDE SERIOUS AND THE GROOM SMILING AMONGST THE YEOMANRY: THE HON. SIDNEY PEEL AND LADY ADELAIDE PEEL LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE WEDDING.

The wedding of Lady Adelaide Spencer, eldest daughter of Earl Spencer, and the Hon. Sidney Cornwallis Peel, second brother of Viscount Peel, took place last week in the twelfth-century church of St. Mary, Great Brington, with which the bride's family have been associated from the Middle Ages, and not far from Althorp Park, her father's residence. Boy Scouts lined the approach to the church, and the central passage was kept by men of the Bedfordshire Yeomanry. The Bishop of Thetford and the Rev. the

Hon. Maurice Peel, brother of the bridegroom and Vicar of St. Paul's, Beckenham, together with the vicar of the parish, officiated at the ceremony. The bridesmaids were: Ladies Lavinia and Margaret Spencer, sisters of the bride; the two daughters of Sir James and the Hon. Lady Reid; Miss Peel, daughter of Major Edward and Mrs. Peel; and the daughter of Captain C. S. Goldman, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Goldman. The honeymoon began at Merivale, lent by Colonel and Lady Eva Dugdale, and is to be continued in Egypt.

THE WATERLOO CUP: WATCHING THE COURSING AT ALT CAR.



1. LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

2. MR. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD (LEFT) AND (NEXT TO HIM) THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE, YOUNGER SON OF LORD ROSEBERY.

3. THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.

4 and 5. AT THE DOGS' DERBY: WATCHING THE COURSING FOR THE WATERLOO CUP.

6. THE DUKE OF LEEDS AND MRS. HARRY TILNEY.

7. THE HON. CECIL MOLYNEUX, SECOND SON OF THE EARL OF SEFTON.

8. JUDGE PARRY (LEFT) AND MR. OSCAR ASCHE.

On all three days of the contest at Altcar for the Waterloo Cup there were a large number of well-known people present, and the meeting, which was the seventy-ninth,

was one of the most successful on record. The weather was favourable throughout, and the result was a big attendance and a thoroughly enjoyable event.

Photographs by Topical, Sport and General, and L.N.A.

THE WATERLOO CUP: THE KISSED AND RIBBONED WINNER.



1. BEFORE THE FINAL OF THE WATERLOO CUP: RUBBING-DOWN THE DUKE OF LEEDS' LEUCORYX, THE RUNNER-UP.
3. RUNNER-UP FOR THE WATERLOO CUP: THE DUKE OF LEEDS' LEUCORYX.
5. FEMININE REWARD FOR THE WINNER: MRS. KENNEDY, WIFE OF THE TRAINER, DECORATING DILWYN WITH RIBBONS AFTER THE WIN.

The final of the Waterloo Cup was won by Messrs. Dennis' Dilwyn, nominated by Mr. A. F. Pope, which beat the Duke of Leeds' Leucoryx, nominated by Major R.

2. READY FOR THE FINAL: THE DUKE OF LEEDS' LEUCORYX AND MESSRS. DENNIS' DILWYN, THE WINNER, IN THE SLIPS.
4. THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MESSRS. DENNIS' DILWYN.
6. MASCULINE REWARD FOR THE WINNER: MR. A. F. POPE, NOMINATOR OF DILWYN, KISSING THE WINNER AFTER THE VICTORY.

McCalmont. Dilwyn was a good winner when she killed. In the semi-final, Dilwyn beat Distingué, her kennel companion, and Leucoryx beat Tide Time.

Photographs by Sport and General and Topical.

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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to send us a Photograph of Yourself in Fancy-dress, with a description of
the Costume and your name and address upon it. Photographs must reach
us before March 11 next. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final;
and the Editor retains the right to publish any photographs sent in. Envelopes
should be marked: FANCY-DRESS COMPETITION, and sent to the
Editor of *The Sketch*, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MURRAY.
Loot. Horace A. Vachell. 6s.
The Vision Splendid. D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor. 6s.
The Magicians of Charno. Geoffrey Williams. 6s.
Macdonald of the Isles. A. M. W. Stirling. 12s.
The Book of the Lion. Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bt. 10s. 6d. net.

ALLEN.
Tristan and Iseult. H. Belloe. 2s. 6d. net.

BLACK.
The Banks of the Nile. Painted by Ella Du Cane. Described by John A. Todd. 20s. net.
Provincial Russia. Painted by F. De Haenen. Described by H. Stewart. 7s. 6d. net.
The Dolomites. Painted by E. Harrison Comp-ton. Described by Reginald Farrer. 7s. 6d. net.
Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France. Painted by Lawrence B. Saint. Described by Hugh Arnold. 25s. net.

WARD, LOCK.
Hoof and Claw. Charles G. D. Roberts. 6s.

ERSKINE MACDONALD.
The Wonder Year. Maude Goldring. 6s.

MURRAY.
Through Other Eyes. Amy MacLaren. 6s.
Vagabond's Ways. Nancy Price. 6s.

FISHER UNWIN.
The Marriage of Cecilia. Maude Leeson. 6s.

DE LA MORE PRESS.
Bohemian Ballads. Paragot. 2s. 6d. net.

GREENING.
Love Tides. Captain Frank H. Shaw. 6s.
The Merchant of Venice. (Novels from Shake-speare Series.) 6s.

APPLETON.
The Business of Life. Robert W. Chambers. 6s.

GREENING.
Behind the Veil. George R. Sims. 2s. net.
When Satan Ruled. C. Ranger Gull. 6s.
Time's Hour Glass. Alfred E. Carey. 6s.

GRANT RICHARDS.
Bird of Paradise. Ada Levenson. 6s.
HEINEMANN.
Stories of India. Rose Reinhardt Anthon. 6s.
Ambidexterity and Mental Culture. H. Macnaughton-Jones. 2s. 6d. net.
Katya. Franz de Jessen. 6s.
The Melting Pot. Israel Zangwill. 2s. 6d. net.

NASH.
Nursery Management. Mary Gardner. 6s.
The Maternal Instinct. Arthur Lambton and Simon Carne. 6s.
The Memoirs of Maria Stella (Lady Newborough). 10s. 6d. net.
Haunted Highways and Byways. Elliott O'Donnell. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BODLEY HEAD.
Garden Oats. Alice Herbert. 6s.
The Purple Mists. F. E. Mills Young. 6s.

METHUEN.
The Flying Inn. G. K. Chesterton. 6s.
Square Pega. Charles Inge. 6s.
Miser Hoadley's Secret. A. W. Marchmont. 7d. net.
Man and Woman. L. G. Moberly. 6s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.
Splendrum. Lindsay Bashford. 6s.
The Power of the Duchess. Edward Quarter. 6s.
The Cockney at Home. Edwin Pugh. 6s.
There Was a Door. By the Author of "Anne Carstairs." 6s.

LONG.
From Pillar to Post. Alice M. Diehl. 6s.
A Bespoken Bride. Fred Whishaw. 6s.
Why She Left Him. Florence Warden. 6s.
Thin Ice. Anne Weaver. 6s.
A Great Coup. Nat Gould. 6d.

CONSTABLE.
Paul Verlaine. Wilfrid Thorley. 1s.

MILLS AND BOON.
Lady Sylvia's Impostor. Thomas Cobb. 6s.
The Relations. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s.
The Valley of the Moon. Jack London. 6s.



THE CLUBMAN

THE KING IN UNIFORM: RAILWAY MANAGEMENT AS A PROFESSION: MEMORIES OF A GREAT CAFÉ.

His Majesty's Uniforms.

The King is gradually going through his wardrobe of uniforms by wearing a different one at each official function or Court Ball. At the first Court of the year he wore the uniform of the Colonel-in-Chief of the First Life Guards, and he has worn, at great official functions, the uniforms of the Blues and of the Black Watch as well as his Admiral's uniform as Head of the Fleet. King Edward was rather partial to his Field-Marshal's uniform as a garb for great occasions,

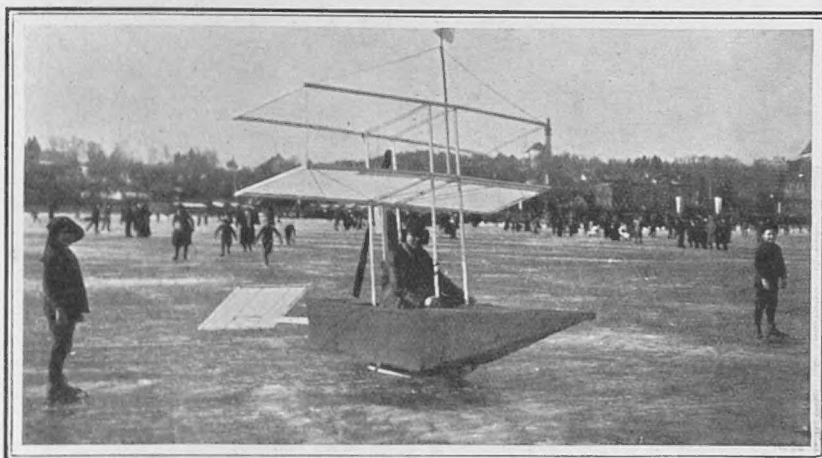
introduced during his rulership at the Café Anglais, the old restaurant remained to its last days very much as it had been in the time of the Second Empire.

The Café Anglais.

In the days when the Paris Opera House was near the Café Anglais and had not yet been moved to its present position, the café was the favourite supping place of the smartest *boulevardiers*, and the Comte de Grammont Caderousse and his companions in what was known as the Loge Infernale used to sup most nights in the tiny *cabinets particuliers* of the *entresol*. The Maison Dorée, over the way, was another great supping place in those days, and it was from the "house of gold" that Rigolboche the dancer, for a bet, ran across the road to the Café Anglais in the costume of Eve. The building and the ground it stood on were purchased some years ago by a Belgian syndicate, and M. Burdel was given the option, if he wished, to renew the lease; but he foresaw the extinction of the classic restaurants in Paris, for the Parisians, like the Londoners, now eat their meals in a hurry, and he retired, selling the contents of the wonderful cellar and all the other treasures of the house.

Wonderful Cellars.

The cellars of the Café Anglais were one of the sights of Paris, though a sight only shown to the habitués of the restaurant. The long passages between bins of the rarest wines were lighted by luminous bunches of grapes, and here and there stood little orange-trees, the fruit on which were lamps. The cellars, apart from containing all the wines that are drunk nowadays, were a museum of all the great vintages of days long gone by. There were Bordeaux of all the great vintages of the last century—wines which must have been quite undrinkable—and Burgundies of enormous age which, M. Burdel told me once, still retained their bouquet, though not their taste. There were cognacs in the cellars which were bottled years before Waterloo was fought, and a glass of this wonderful Fine Champagne cost a gold piece. When the cellar was sold Mr. Pierpont Morgan bought some of this brandy, and I believe he had offered to find whatever capital M. Burdel wanted had the latter decided to carry on the house. The habitués of the house all bought mementos at the sale. There was



'PLANE-SAILING ON THE ICE: A NEW AEROPLANE-BOAT.

Photograph by Hoffmann.

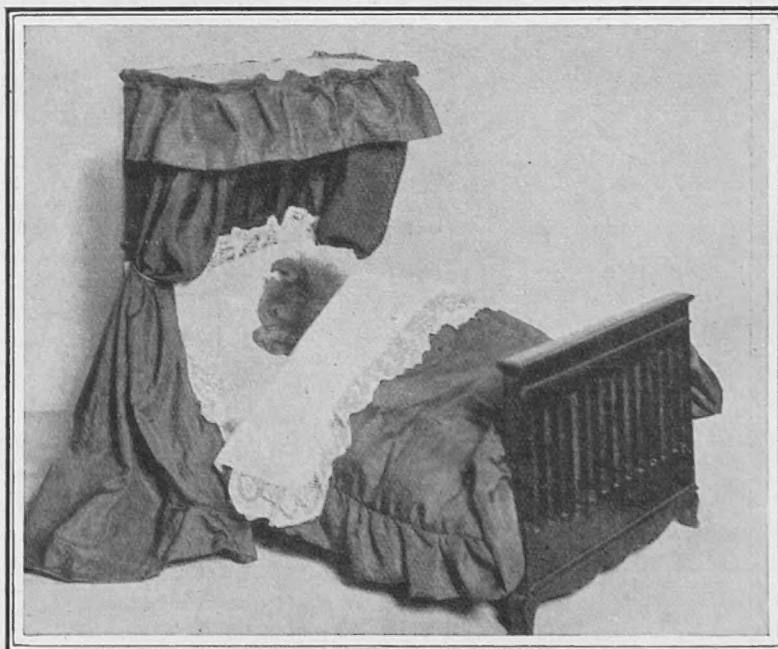
but when he took the salute at the Trooping of the Colour on his birthday he generally wore the uniform of the Infantry of the Honourable Artillery Company—a uniform which so closely resembles that of the Guards that it was usually mistaken for that of the Grenadier Guards. Our Sovereign is Colonel-in-Chief of a score of British regiments and Indian regiments as well, and as he is presented with a uniform whenever he is made a Colonel of the regiment of any foreign country, the uniforms which are kept constantly ready for him to wear number at least fifty. If a foreign King comes to this country, it is etiquette that our King should receive him wearing a uniform of the visitor's country, if he has been paid the compliment of being made a Colonel of one of the visitor's regiments.

The Prizes of Railway Management.

The appointment of an American to the position of General Manager of the Great Eastern Company has stirred up much controversy, and, amongst other things, has called the attention of the man in the clubs to the fact that in railway administration there are great prizes to be won, and that our great Public Schools and our Universities have not as yet their eyes on these prizes, and do not train boys and young men to climb up the ladder of railway promotion to snatch at the great salaries. On the Board of the Great Eastern there sits one of that railway's ex-General Managers, whose experience was considered so valuable that when he retired from the active management of the line he was translated to the railway Olympus. It is a pleasant autumn to a strenuous career. That University men may very well aspire to these positions is proved by Sir Guy Granet, the General Manager of the Midland, a Balliol man, who has risen to the top of the tree and has been knighted for his services. As a rule, a General Manager comes from the lower ranks of the railway profession; but competition is good in every profession, and if, in the future, many of the sons of gentlemen enter the race for the upper ranks of railway administration, it will serve to make competition keener than it is at present.

The Late M. Burdel.

One of the few survivors of the old courtly proprietors of the Paris restaurants has been gathered to his fathers, for M. Burdel last week was buried in Père la Chaise. He was the lessee of the Café Anglais, and had all the great traditions of the First Restaurant in Europe very much at heart. I once asked him whether a history of the great restaurant had ever been written, and his reply was that it never could be written, for he had always regarded anything that passed at the Café Anglais as being absolutely confidential. He was a very striking figure—a tall, slim man, with grey hair cut close in the French manner, a carefully trimmed moustache, and glasses hung on a broad black ribbon. Except that electric light was



MORE BEDROOM PHOTOGRAPHY! A PET DOG IN ITS NIGHT-KENNEL!

The bed for pet dogs is coming into fashion, say Messrs. Worth, of Oxford Street; the bedsteads are of wood and iron, and have mattress, feather mattress, sheets, blankets, a pillow, and an eiderdown quilt. Curtains are fitted to keep off the draught. Why should the ladies have it all their own way in posing for portraits?—See a double-page in our Supplement.—[Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.]

a wonderful book of menus of dinners, at which Li Hung Chang, King Edward, and Bismarck, amongst others, were guests; and a cabinet of glass and silver, each piece of which had been used by a celebrity and all of which had histories. I wonder who has that book of menus now.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON—FOR KNOWING (UNLIKE HAMLET) WHAT IT IS BOTH TO BE AND NOT TO BE.

The French Government has declined Prince Napoleon's offer of £400 for the poor of Paris, to celebrate the birth of his son. The reason given for the refusal was that, through the law of banishment, he has "ceased to exist."—Mrs. Herbert T. Bulstrode has recently travelled over 700 miles in Mongolia by caravan, with only one companion. Some remarkable illustrations of her journey will



MRS. HERBERT T. BULSTRODE—FOR BEING A HAPPY 'VANNER WITH PLUCK ENOUGH NOT TO GIVE THE GOBI TO MONGOLIA.



MISS JESSIE FRIEDMANN—FOR ATTAINING A SPEED OF 118 W.P.M. WITHOUT HAVING A BONNET ON.

appear in the "Illustrated London News" for Feb. 28.—Miss Jessie Friedmann became Amateur Champion Typist of the United States by typing at the rate of 118 words per minute, beating the professional record of 117 w.p.m.—Frau Schrick has been appointed Governor of the Royal Central Female Prison at Wronke, in Prussia. She is said to be the first woman to govern a prison.



FRAU SCHRICK—FOR BEING THE FIRST WOMAN NOT TO FIND BEING IN QUOD GALL AND WORM-WOOD (SCRUBS).

Photographs by Boule, Elliott and Fry, and Fuchs.



MR. W. H. WYNNE FINCH—FOR BEING MORE BASHFUL THAN THE BRIDEGROOM AT HIS BROTHER'S WEDDING.

The wedding of Mr. John Wynne Finch, of the Coldstream Guards, and Miss Alice Glyn, daughter of the Bishop of Peterborough, took place at the Guards' Chapel on the 17th. Mr. W. H. Wynne Finch, of the Scots Guards, the bridegroom's brother, was his best man.—Miss Enid Bell, Miss Ellen O'Malley, and Miss Marie



MISS MARIE HEMINGWAY, MISS ENID BELL, AND MISS ELLEN O'MALLEY—FOR MAKING AN ATTRACTIVE ADDITION TO "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS" IN THE SHAPE OF SOME VERY CHARMING COSTUMES.

Hemingway are in the cast of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," Mr. Cyril Harcourt's new play, which it was arranged to produce at the Criterion on the 23rd.—Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells, of Los Angeles, is the first of American police-women, or "Municipal Chaperons." Our photograph shows her in her uniform.

Photographs by C.N., Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd., and Underwood and Underwood.



MRS. ALICE STEBBINS WELLS—FOR SHOWING THAT A WOMAN NEED NOT BE A LAUNDRYMAID TO GET ON AMONG THE COPPERS.



LORD CHARLES MERCER NAIRNE—FOR NOT HAVING TO TAKE THE NAME OF LORD CHARLES TULLY-BEAGLES.

Lord Lansdowne's younger son, hitherto known as Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, has recently assumed the name of Lord Charles Mercer Nairne. The change was made after Lord Lansdowne had transferred to his son the estates of Tullybeagles and Meikleour in Perthshire and Aldie in Kinross-shire.—Mr. W. B. Du Pre, of Taplow House, Taplow, the new Unionist Member for South Bucks, was formerly in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and served in South Africa with the Imperial



MR. WILLIAM DU PRE, M.P.—FOR DISCOVERING THE FACT THAT A BYE-ELECTION "BUCKS" ONE UP TREMENDOUSLY.



MR. ALFRED WILLIAM YEO, M.P.—FOR TRANSLATING "VOX POPULI" AS "THE VOICE OF POPLAR."

Yeomanry.—Mr. A. W. Yeo, the new Liberal Member for Poplar, is a native of that borough and is in business there, and has been its Mayor. The Latin word *populus* (a poplar tree) is the same in spelling though not in quantity as *populus* (the people).—Sir Matthew Wilson, who defeated Mr. Masterman at Bethnal Green, succeeded to his father's Baronety on the latter's death last month.—



MAJOR SIR MATTHEW WILSON, M.P.—FOR REACHING THE TOP OF THE SLIPPERY POLL ON THE SIMPLE BETHNAL GREEN.

[Photographs by Lafayette, C.N., Topical, and Newspaper Illustrations.]

"POTTED FASHIONS": DRESSES AND HATS IN TINY BOXES.



1 A COLLAPSIBLE HAT AND ITS TINY BOX.

2. A GOWN AND THE SMALL BOX WHICH WILL HOLD IT.

3 and 4. WEARING A DRESS AND A HAT WHICH CAN BE CARRIED TOGETHER IN THE SMALL HAND-BAG SHOWN.

Here are some curious examples of what have been called "compressed fashions"; one might even dub them "potted fashions," for the frocks and the hats under notice are of such form and of such materials that they can be folded and carried

in exceedingly small boxes or hand-bags—the maximum of elegance in the minimum of space! Yet we are not optimists enough to believe that ladies will cease to travel without many most mountainous trunks!—[Photographs by Manuel]



MRS. PARBURY, TEARFUL TYRANT, POOR PARBURY, AND THE POOR PARSON'S THIRTEENTH DAUGHTER.

Tears, Easy Tears. "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean": that's what Tennyson said, but Mrs. Parbury knew very well what her tears meant. They meant the subjugation of her husband—at least, that is the view of Mr. Haddon Chambers in his comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears," revived with every sign of success at the Comedy Theatre. Mrs. Parbury was no sportsman: the woman who weeps easy tears in order to get what she wants is playing a game, but not *the* game—she is giving something worse than the kidney punch or even a blow below the belt. Not always a wise game, for it may happen that those tears, at first triumphant, after a while wash away a husband's love; there arrives a time when the man really gives her something to cry for, and then come the real, real tears based upon a loss of love, of happiness, of everything. Therefore, dear ladies, reserve your tears for extraordinary occasions, and make sure that your bloom de Ninon, or whatever it may be, is waterproof before you turn on the flood. Remember Cromwell's advice to his Ironsides, and "keep your powder dry." By means of her tears, Mrs. Parbury had ruled the home for five years or so. Did her husband want to invite an old friend to the house: a dispute, "You don't love me any longer," and then tears. Did he think that he would like to go to the club: *idem*. Did he wish to go fishing with a pal, or shooting with a chum: "You prefer shooting to me, or fishing to me," and then tears; and there were no fish to be caught in the lachrymal stream, and the "smokeless" was drowned in the salty flood. Poor Parbury! And his wife was playing a dangerous game, since her husband, a good-looking fellow, had a pretty secretary—not one of those dowdies whose beauty is only discovered in the second or third act of a play, but a young person *bien coiffée, bien gantée, bien chaussée*, who wore "fetching" *decolletée* dresses in the morning, and had a ravishing French grey costume, with shoes and stockings and goodness knows what else to match. Mrs. Parbury was running a risk, and I fancy that when the audience saw the pretty secretary kissing Mr. Parbury's photograph they suspected that the silly wife had lost her husband. As a matter of fact, he was not in love with Hyacinth, the pretty secretary, nor she with him. Why, then, did she kiss his photograph? That is rather a mystery.

The Mystery of Kisses.

After all, kissing is a mystery. Simple-minded Occidentals think that it is quite a natural affair, which is by no means the case. Steele alleged that "Nature was its author, and that it began with the first courtship." He was quite wrong. Adam and Eve never kissed one another. To this day the inhabitants of a large part of the earth do not use their lips for such a purpose. It is strange that there is no statue to the inventor of the popular entertainment: even his name is unknown. The chief joke in half our plays about the Celestial is based on his ignorance of

what wild scientists regard as an insanitary practice, and I may add that many people are very indifferent performers, yet I doubt whether the art ought to be taught in Board Schools. However, my subject is tears, not kisses: one of these days somebody will write a play called "The Tyranny of Kisses," and no doubt send me a cheque for a few thousands for suggesting such a superb title, and then we shall see what my little library and I can do on the topic. My own view about Hyacinth's kiss is that the author merely meant to show that the secretary was very sorry for poor Parbury, and I do not think that it is a very good stage device. Now Mrs. Parbury saw the kiss, and promptly told the girl to go—rightly, too, in my opinion. Hyacinth refused to go, so the wife referred the question to the husband. Of course, she didn't say what Hyacinth had done (she was not such a fool as that, for it would be the last imaginable act of folly to let a young man think that his pretty secretary is in love with him), and Parbury decided that the girl ought to stay, having that sense of justice occasionally discoverable in men.

The Tap Turned Off.

Of course, in the end Mrs. Parbury found out that she had not been behaving very wisely, so she promised to be good; nevertheless, it is my private belief that quite shortly after the fourth and last act she was at it again, and probably the only real cure would be by the traditional method of treating dogs and walnut-trees. Quite a clever, amusing light comedy, superficial no doubt, and aiming in dialogue rather readily at the easy laugh, and at phrases funny in themselves, but not exactly characteristic. A skilful piece of workmanship by an author not anxious to make any great sacrifice of popularity on account of truth. For the purposes of revival the play has been trimmed, pruned, and polished, and possesses quite a new-fashioned air, so it was received throughout with laughter. One

character is quite delightful; this is Colonel Armitage, Mrs. Parbury's papa, a merry old boy, decently exultant in the freedom of widowerhood, and very keen about the ladies with the worst of possible intentions—a little old for the grand game, but ardent. Mr. Alfred

Bishop presents him perfectly, and is thoroughly amusing. What subtle mystery lies in his art I cannot tell, but I always find him entertaining, and yet he never tries to force a part. Miss Ethel Irving presents Mrs. Parbury, and renders her a charming, rather cattish creature; there were moments when I hoped she would exhibit her unique powers of showing a woman in a passion—alas! she didn't. Miss Evelyn d'Alroy looked handsome as Hyacinth, and played in a stately fashion; still, she did not quite suggest the

poor parson's unemotional thirteenth daughter. Mr. Fred Kerr was truly amusing as Hyacinth's suitor. Mr. Loraine acted with plenty of skill and life as Parbury, but, of course, could not make much of a man of him.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



A NAUGHTY OLD WIDOWER:
MR. ALFRED BISHOP
AS COLONEL ARMITAGE
IN "THE TYRANNY
OF TEARS."
CARICATURED BY
H. M. BATEMAN.



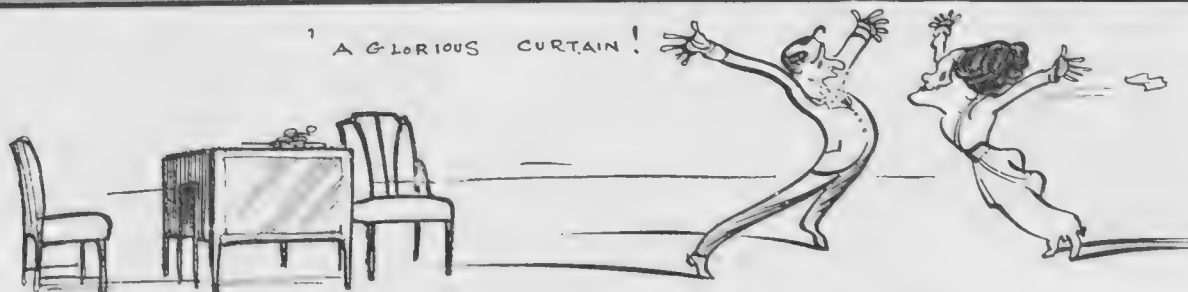
THE CYNICAL BACHELOR SUCCUMBS TO THE HEALTHY ENGLISH GIRL: MR. FRED KERR AS GEORGE GUNNING
AND MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS HYACINTH WOODWARD, IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE WIN-BY-WEEPING WIFE.



THE DAUNTLESS THREE.



TEARS OF THE EYE AND TEARS OF THE HAIR: MR. ROBERT LORAINÉ AND MISS ETHEL IRVING
AS MR. AND MRS. PARBURY IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS," AT THE COMEDY.

Mr. Haddon Chambers' delightful comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears," as revived at the Comedy Theatre, is proving as great a draw as it did on its first production fifteen years ago.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LORD WEARDALE.

SINCE the case of mistaken identity which landed Lord Weardale, somewhat reluctant, in the police-court, his features have become as familiar as Mr. Asquith's. Nobody will be able to make a mistake again. Lord Weardale is Lord Weardale; and he can find some little consolation in the fact that the bubble of a double is exploded. Perhaps the most annoying thing about the incident at Euston the other day was its sequel. Lord Weardale's inclination was to continue his journey to Althorp Park; but the police do not lightly allow a possible prosecutor to go his ways. Their hold on their wedding guest was almost as persuasive as the Ancient Mariner's; and when Lord Weardale was told that his assailant would go free if he did not charge her, he put his duty before his inclination.

The Old School. Lord Weardale reminded the magistrate that he is, with Lord Curzon, a Joint President of the Anti-Suffragist Society. Nobody could more properly be so. The habits and experience of his long life are all against votes for women. He is, in one aspect, of the old school, a friend of the late Lord Sackville's in polite society of Paris forty-five years ago, an observer of the conduct of affairs in several countries, and of the conduct of men and women in the world of affairs. It was a world in which women were admired rather than trusted, courted rather than consulted. In diplomacy women may be useful, it is true, but as the allies of their Ambassadors. If they are not useful, they are inconvenient. When Lord Weardale was most often at the English Embassy in Paris, Lord Sackville was in love with Pepita; but neither the lover nor Lord Weardale would have deemed it wise or necessary to give Pepita a vote. And the attitude of 1868 is, for Lord Weardale, very much the attitude of 1914.

In Carlton
Gardens.

Lord
Weardale's

house in Carlton Gardens tells its tale of courtly tastes and of a life that takes little or no cognisance of the career of the modern working women. The furniture in Carlton Gardens belongs to a period that never dreamed of universal suffrage. It is the furniture of a gay and refined and luxurious aristocracy, and without applying more than one of those adjectives to its present owner, it must be said that, despite his Radical activities in the House, he prefers the world represented by his rare and lovely objects of art to the world of economic equality.

The Engineer.

On the one hand, there is the Lord Weardale of Carlton Gardens, who, even if he does not use his precious enamelled snuff-boxes, has some affinity with the gentlemen of old who did. On the other hand, there is the Lord Weardale of the engineering world, the man who, with Sir John Fowler, planned a whole system of steam-ferries across the Channel; and who, though nothing came of the ferries, carried to a successful conclusion

many large public works requiring a masculine understanding of mechanics and the mechanic. Add to that portion of his record the fact that he started life in the Navy—a career that has little to do with petticoats, even if Britannia does rule the waves—and his prejudices in regard to women's suffrage are seen to have a sufficient basis.



The Man
of the
World.

Lord Weardale's special subject has been "international relations." As President of the British section of the International Parliamentary Union he has a European reputation, and even before his appointment as President he could claim a friend in every capital. Unlike most Englishmen, who prefer to be called upon—or at best expect to find all their Continental friends at Monte Carlo or Mentone—Lord Weardale keeps in touch with his circle by paying periodical visits to the various centres of

European life. His travels began when he was a midshipman on the *Sutlej*, and was stationed for three years in the Pacific. It was then, too, that his sporting adventures (now dwindled down to hardly more than an occasional visit to the Turf Club) were inaugurated. While he was still young in years, he had shot wild geese in the Falkland Islands, snipe in Patagonia, wild deer in the Cordilleras, hares in Mexico, quail in California, and grouse two thousand miles from Scotland. Although he left the Navy in time to begin a Cambridge career, he did not, in the event, waste much time in a University town. His towns were everywhere; he graduated in the more liberal university of actual experience. Having married Countess Alexandra Cancrine, granddaughter of the famous Count Cancrine and widow of Count Matthieu Tolstoy, in 1877, his activities found a still wider scope, for it was discovered that her extensive properties in the Baltic Provinces would repay the attention of anybody with the knack of management on a large scale. That knack Lord Weardale shares in a very marked degree with his cousin, Lord Rosebery.

The Real Likeness.

And it is between these cousins, rather than between Mr. Asquith and Lord Weardale, that a real facial resemblance exists, or did exist. Born in the same year, they played in the same nursery, and although of late the likeness has somehow worn off, there was a time when they were constantly mistaken for one another. It was Lord Weardale who suffered most from the confusion, for the real Lord Rosebery has a certain severity of eye that keeps the doubtful acquaintance at a distance. But for Lord Weardale the thing was always cropping up. Lord Morley and Lord Cross, each of whom is supposed to have had a double in a Guildhall Toastmaster, were embarrassed about once in a lifetime; but Lord Weardale's misfortune was more frequent. That is why in Mr. Max Beerbohm's caricature he is seen declaring, "No, once and for all, I am not Lord Rosebery!"



WITH AND WITHOUT THE HAT THAT "SUFFERED MOST": LORD WEARDALE, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY A SUFFRAGETTE WITH A DOG-WHIP, IN MISTAKE FOR MR. ASQUITH.

Lord Weardale was assaulted by a Suffragette at Euston last Wednesday morning as he was about to enter the special train taking guests to Lady Adelaide Spencer's wedding. Some of the blows, it is said, struck Lady Weardale. Lord Weardale said afterwards that his hat had suffered most. In court he mentioned that he, with Lord Curzon, is a joint-president of the Anti-Suffragist Society. Later, a solicitor said that the prisoner had mistaken Lord Weardale for Mr. Asquith. As Mr. Philip Stanhope, Lord Weardale sat for many years in the House of Commons, as a Liberal. He was raised to the Peerage in 1906. In May of last year he headed a mission to the United States in connection with the Anglo-American Peace Celebrations. He married, in 1877, Alexandra, daughter of the late Count Cancrine, and widow of Count Tolstoy (not the famous writer).—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

HUNTING, GOLF, WEDLOCK, ELECTIONEERING: SOCIETY PHASES.



PROMINENT FOLLOWERS OF THE EAST GALWAY HUNT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE HON. MRS. JAMES BARRY, MAJOR J. ST. G. ARMSTRONG, AND CAPTAIN A. B. POLLOK.



AT A MEET OF THE EAST GALWAY AT LISMANY: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. BURTON W. PERSSE, MR. H. BUCKLAND (THE MASTER), AND MR. T. D. SEYMOUR (HON. SEC. OF THE HUNT).



ON THE LINKS AT LA NAPOULE: LORD BURGHCLERE GOLFING AT CANNES.



GOLFING AT CANNES: LADY WOLVERTON.



GOLFING AT CANNES: LADY BURGHCLERE.



A QUORN HUNT WEDDING: THE BRIDE, MISS MARY FORESTER, LEAVING HER PARENTS' HOME, SAXELBYE PARK, MELTON MOWBRAY.



IN A VEHICLE FAMILIAR TO THE CONSTITUENCY: THE SONS OF SIR MATTHEW WILSON, THE NEW M.P. FOR BETHNAL GREEN, CANVASSING.

The Hon. Mrs. James Barry is the second of the three sisters of Lord Clanmorris, and was formerly known as the Hon. Florence Madeline Bingham. She has been twice married. Her first husband, Mr. John Pollok, died in 1891, and in 1895 she married Major J. D. Barry, formerly of the Royal Horse Artillery.—Lady Wolverton, who married Lord Wolverton in 1895, was Lady Edith Ward, and is a daughter of the first Earl of Dudley.—Lord Burghclere, formerly Mr. Herbert C. Gardner, was raised to

the Peerage in 1895. He married, in 1890, Lady Winifred Byng, daughter of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, and widow of Captain the Hon. Alfred Byng.—The wedding of Mr. Arthur FitzGerald and Miss Mary Forester, daughter of the Master of the Quorn, Captain F. W. Forester, took place on the 19th.—Sir Matthew Wilson married, in 1905, the Hon. Barbara Lister, daughter of Lord Ribblesdale. Their elder son, Mathew Martin, was born in 1906.—[Photographs by Poole, Navello, and Sport and General.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN CAMPBELL BOOT: MISS MARGARET JOYCE PYMAN.

Miss Pyman, who is engaged to Mr. John Campbell Boot, only son of Sir Jesse Boot, is the daughter of Mr. Frederick H. Pyman, of Fitzjohn's Avenue, and Dunsley, near Whitby, Yorkshire.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Minister last week would have been impossible in Paris. The Marquis de Soveral's successor in London seems wisely enough, to take the Marquis



ENGAGED TO MISS BERTHA ETELKA SURTEES: MR. EDWARD BELL, OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY.

Mr. Bell is Second Secretary of the United States Embassy in London, and is the elder son of the late Mr. Edward Bell, and of Mrs. Bell, of New York.

Photograph by Desgranges.

Lunch at No. 10. While the President is not "received" by the upper nine of French Society, Downing Street manages to be the



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD BELL, OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY: MISS BERTHA ETELKA SURTEES.

Miss Surtees is the younger daughter of Colonel Conyers Surtees, C.B., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Conyers Surtees, Mainsforth Hall, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.

Photograph by Elwin Neame.

MR. BALFOUR'S friendly lunch at Buckingham Palace is one of innumerable testimonies to the goodwill that exists in England between the Court, or Society, and Politics. We have no *salon fermé*, such as excludes all the world of business and affairs from the luncheon-tables of really correct Parisian circles. In Paris, politicians and actresses are admitted only to what is known as the mixed salon; in London, to the bewilderment of foreigners and of Americans who have lived in Paris, an Ambassador to the Court of St. James' must ask members of His Majesty's Theatre to dinner almost as often as members of his Majesty's Household.

The Real Exclusiveness.

The varied company and many-sided talk at the luncheon, to take one instance, given by the Portuguese Amiable personalities make up the whole conversation of a Parisian group, in which the discussion alike of home politics and foreign affairs is forbidden. Really exclusive Society can talk of nothing but itself because the rest of the world hardly exists for it; and since it is very small and is always over-hearing its own chatter, it must needs be very polite. Into this *salon fermé* M. le Président himself is not admitted.

While the President is not "received" by the upper nine of French Society, Downing Street manages to be the centre of various social activities. Although Lord Weardale, it is said, was mistaken for the "P. M." on the way to Lady Delia Spencer's wedding, and assaulted in consequence, Mr. Asquith was at the time receiving his own luncheon guests in London. Mrs. George Keppel and Miss Violet Keppel helped to correct the "shoppy" atmosphere of No. 10; the Marchioness of Crewe attended in an entirely unofficial capacity. Lord Crewe, although it was an off-day in the Lords, was not of the company.

Mr. Birrell's Story.

At such luncheons as Mr. and Mrs. Asquith's, Mr. Birrell is invaluable. Downing Street is hardly in a position to give a meal without inviting a couple of Cabinet Ministers, or, at the best, one. Mr. Birrell has the voice and presence of two in one; his name gives

gravity to the published list of guests, and his presence gaiety to the board. At an anxious juncture he himself never seems anxious, and when he goes to Ireland he returns with new stories instead of new responsibilities of the slumming problem in Dublin. He is inclined to take the view that the will of the people will hold the field, or the alley, against reform. He tells of being accosted in the poorest quarter of the town by a woman whose shabbiness suggested that she had more need than most people for a change of condition. When she came up he thought she was going to demand a new Housing Bill. What she said was, "Mind, Mither Birrell, we'll not tolerate your new-fangled suburbs."

The Perils of Manchester Square.

Sunday morning found a policeman stationed outside Sir John Leslie's house in Manchester Square. His head was strained towards heaven, or, it was thought, a housemaid. Lady Constance Leslie, when she came out, found herself motioned off the pavement, and other pedestrians were waved into the roadway. It was not, after all, a fair domestic that engaged the constable's attention, but a chimney-pot thrown perilously out of position by a nocturnal storm. "He deserves an upper-parlour-maid, at the very least," observed a passer-by who at first sight had done the officer the injustice of thinking his vigilance entirely selfish.

A Goose-Quill Shaft.

Mr. Edmund Gosse makes light in the *Fortnightly Review* of Lady Dorothy Nevill's haphazard spelling. He is not shy to confess that the First Secretary appears in her notes (and she wrote Mr. Gosse many hundred) as "Mr. Birhell" — "Mr. Birhell, whom I like." On the name of her friend Lord Wolseley she rings the changes from "Wollesley" to "Wolsey," and Abbot Gasquet appears as "Abbot Guaschet." Mr. Gosse might have given many further examples of Lady Dorothy's carelessness: even the compliment of her luncheon invitations was often spoiled by an incredible disregard of her guests' proper names. Did Mr. Gosse himself, we wonder, always escape whole? It would have been very like Lady Dorothy to make his one "o" into two and his double "s" into one, and without a thought of doing him an injury. Though he might not have regarded the result as a feather in his cap, he could have been consoled by reflecting that he was still a wielder of the quill.



IN THE UNIFORM OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: MASTER EDDIE COLVILLE, SON OF ADMIRAL COLVILLE, A PAGE AT THE WEDDING OF MISS ALICE GLYN AND MR. JOHN C. WYNNE FINCH, OF THE COLDSTREAMS.

Photograph by C.N.



MISS MAY CRUICKSHANK, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. NINIAN DANIELL WAS FIXED FOR FEB. 21.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Cruickshank, of 20, Hans Place. Mr. Daniell is in the Coldstream Guards.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MR. JOHN STRUTT, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS NANCY DEWAR WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (FEB. 24.)

Mr. Strutt is the son of the Hon. Edward Strutt, and a nephew of Lord Rayleigh. He was born in 1881. His father is well known as a surveyor.

Photograph by Beresford.



MISS NANCY DEWAR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. JOHN STRUTT WAS FIXED FOR FEB. 24.

Miss Dewar is the daughter of Sir John A. Dewar, Bt., M.P., of Dupplin Castle, Perth. Her father is Member for Inverness-shire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

BY GUM! "BROADWAY JONES," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



1. "BROADWAY" JONES COMES HOME AFTER HAVING DINED WELL, BUT NOT WISELY, AND HAVING ACCEPTED THE WIDOW, MRS. GERARD, FOR HER MONEY: MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS JACKSON JONES.
3. MRS. GERARD WELCOMES "BROADWAY" JONES BACK TO NEW YORK, MUCH TO HIS DISMAY: MISS ELIZABETH WATSON AS MRS. GERARD, AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS JONES.

2. "BROADWAY" JONES, NOW OWNER OF A VERY PROFITABLE GUM FACTORY, IS SHOWN ACCOUNTS BY JOSIE RICHARDS, PRESIDING "FAIRY" OF THAT FACTORY: MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS JOSIE, AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS JONES.
4. "BROADWAY" JONES PROPOSES TO JOSIE RICHARDS AFTER MRS. GERARD HAS JILTED HIM, AND IS ACCEPTED.

Jackson Jones, called "Broadway" from the fact that he has made that thoroughfare the hub of his universe, spends all his money and is much in debt. Consequently, he agrees to marry the rich widow, Mrs. Gerard. Then, unexpectedly, he inherits the Jones Gum Factory. Going there to see about the proposed sale to the Consolidated

Chewing Gum Company, he meets Josie Richards, who succeeds in persuading him that it would be criminal to dispose of the business, particularly as it would throw hundreds of men and women out of work. In the end, need it be said, Jones is freed from Mrs. Gerard and arranges to marry Josie.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

CERTAINLY he is well dressed. He employs, one thinks, an English tailor, an English tailor established in Paris. His linen is, as the sensational novelists would say, immaculate—and I use the word the more willingly in that I have searched in vain for a better. His collar sets close to his neck—and oh, rare accomplishment—his tie to his collar. His boots are faultless. He has the air of well-being and, until one looks curiously at his eyes, at his skin, of health. One is sure that he is efficient, not very sympathetic perhaps, but capable of those material tasks he would undertake. Whether he is English or American, French or German, is not at once clear. A *viveur* surely, but tempered, restrained, safe.

Seeing him so often here in Nice, in Monte Carlo, in Paris, and once in New York, always in the same world, the world of costly motor-cars, of the races, of restaurants, of *les petites femmes*, I asked who he was and what.

"Ce type là—oh, that's Gaston, *grand noceur du monde*, *le plus grand noceur du monde*. And he's always drunk, although he doesn't show it—drunk always from morning to night."

"Yes, but what does he do?"

"Rien, *je crois*. He is rich, he has always *assez d'argent*. Oh, yes, I remember: he is agent for —." And a famous article of luxury was named.

I inquired more closely and looked still at my subject. He interested me. I had not even known that he was French. Not that his actual nationality mattered. He might have been of another race. He was a fine flower of the cosmopolitan world, of the life of luxury.

Whether he had wife or mother, home or family, my informant knew not. "Everyone knows him: he is very 'large,' very generous—with his champagne. The restaurants are always glad to see him; where he goes all his friends go. And if he spends little money himself at least he makes other people spend it.

to do was perfectly useless, the "jolly along" of the sale of something generally harmful and always costly. He knew nothing of the world which laboured or thought; nothing that was not material could pass the portals of his intelligence. Horses he understood something of, and motor-cars, and he would talk by the hour of aviators—of aviators rather than aviation. Of food and of wine he had at least the reputation of being a judge; he was a patron of *la boxe*. All *maitres d'hôtel*, from New York to Vienna, knew him well and were at least cheerfully prepared for trouble when he appeared; the young waiters feared him; the *patrons* smiled. He would sit down and drink and drink and drink and grow more and more noisy. If one had the misfortune to sit near his table and could hear his talk one would fancy that the gates of hell had opened wide. No one of his friends would remonstrate with him; no woman, even the worst, would stop with him, no, not for a single hour, unless she had bitter need of his money. And always it would seem he remained popular, knowing everyone, going everywhere he cared to go, spending a little money, causing ugly laughter, soiling the air.

One pleasant memory I have of Gaston. An American was sitting at the next table to him in one of the restaurants of the night. Gaston was talking English to his friends and to a young dancer who shrank under his words. The American turned, bent



A CUPID WHOSE DANCING CAUSED SOMETHING OF A SENSATION AT NICE: MISS NETA ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK.

Little Miss Hitchcock (whose dancing at a children's fancy-dress ball in Nice, when she gave a *pas seul* evidently of her own contriving, caused such interest that she had a large share in half a column of the Continental "Daily Mail" and good notices in other papers) is six years old, and the daughter of Mr. Alfred Edwin Hitchcock, the well-known Canadian banker, of Moose Jaw. She comes of a family gifted as dancers.

over and asked him to cease. Now Gaston is no coward. His broad shoulders, his strong arms, are the most real things about him. In those hours when he is not eating, drinking, gambling, racing, he is massaged and is taking exercise. He looked at the American and told him to go to the devil. The American rose, and seizing him quickly by the neck, flung him on to his face on the floor. "*C'est bien fait*," some Frenchman said; "*il a mérité ça*." What might then have happened one does not know. Before he could recover and make use of his own strength he was on his way home in the car of one of his friends.

He is a vile type, a cumbrer of the ground. And at least not without cause he believes himself to be popular. Also—hard though it is to remember—he is made in the image of his Maker.



AT THE NET AT CANNES: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS.

Watch the *danseuses* when he goes into a night restaurant. When he speaks to them they will smile and they will sit at his table if he calls them. But you will see them wince. When he talks only one thing interests him: *la plus grande grue de Paris* blushes at what he says. But they have to listen or he might complain and the *patron* would throw them out: his custom is too valuable to lose."

There are a thousand such Gastons in the world which they adorn. This one differed only in that he more exactly looked the part. It was suitable that the one work which he professed



ARRANGING A RETURN MATCH BETWEEN HIMSELF AND MR. CRAIG BIDDLE AND MESSRS. A. F. WILDING (THE CHAMPION) AND CAPTAIN LAYCOCK: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.

When these photographs were taken the other day, the Duke of Westminster was to be seen regularly on the lawn-tennis courts, on the polo-ground, or on the links, at Cannes. In the first of the games mentioned he and his partner won the match.

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.



THE MAN IN THE BOAT: Take yer time, Sir, and play im. We've got yer.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



DRESS AND REDRESS. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

PROPOS of my last article I have received several letters from my men readers, in which all of them, as if of a common accord, declare their contempt for fashions and their preference for woman *au naturel* (the expression is mine); theirs was "you cannot gild the lily" (oh, can't you? Ask Mr. Granville Barker!), "beauty unadorned," "paint and powder," "guys of themselves," etc. Try to remember the conversations of your men friends on the subject of dress, and I need not quote those letters any further. Ever since woman clothed herself, man has found fault with the clothes she wore. I am not sure that, even before that, he was ever satisfied with the pattern of the fig-leaf and the arrangement of the belt of shells! But leaves you could gather from a tree, and shells you could pick by the sea-shore; while a new fashion means a new dress, and a new dress means a new cheque, and a new cheque means a new check to woman's love of change in clothes! By temperament, man of the roaming fancy loves change still more than we do, but he cannot be expected, when motor-cars are actually begging him, to smile at dressmakers' bills! As a matter of fact, it is very easy to please man, in dress as in everything else, but very difficult to make him declare himself pleased. He says he despises fashions, and he really thinks so, but I warn you, my sisters, never neglect the mode for man for fear of being yourself neglected by man. If there is anything man

frocks with the piquant demureness of a princess masquerading as her maid. My friend, accompanying his sister (that is what he told me!) to the salons of the great Désiré and Co., saw an exquisite apparition advancing, retreating, sweeping by with the languid and rhythmical step of the mannequin, a step that is a slight bend of the knees while the hips undulate ever so little. The apparition stood in front of the man and his sister, and slowly revolved with an imperial dignity, spreading around her the skirts destined for a royal wearer, and in its train was swept the heart of my friend. He came, saw, and was conquered, and, like all conquered, dreamt of conquering in his turn.



SISTERS WHOSE MARRIAGES WERE FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (FEB. 24): MISS DAPHNE AIRTH-RICHARDSON AND MISS PHYLLIS AIRTH-RICHARDSON.

It was arranged that the marriage of Miss Daphne Airth-Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Airth-Richardson, of Longbridge Manor, Warwick, and Baron Peter de Gravemtry, of St. Petersburg, should take place at St. Mary's, Warwick, yesterday, Feb. 24; and that on the same day and at the same church, her sister, Phyllis, should marry Mr. Thomas H. Hudson, of Haslemere.—[Photograph by L'Estrange.]

yielded, always and ever, humbly and proudly, with the touching faith that she was transforming herself into his ideal woman,

forgetting that, to quote a witty friend of mine, "He who wants his wife to be different wants a different wife." Her fiancé was dreadfully successful. The transformation was absolute, the iconoclasm complete. He had turned a goddess into a pickled *pensionnaire*—the butterfly had become a worm. "For man kills the thing he loves." Of all that attracted him to her there remained nothing but her smiling sweetness, and that exasperated him. He felt himself cheated, and knew not of what. He never realised that it was he had robbed himself of his share of beauty. By the time he had disguised his pretty shop-girl into an imitation of a saltless *bourgeoise*, he no longer loved her. But, as he was a little gentleman as well as a big fool, they were married, and had many quarrels. She became an exemplary and lonely housekeeper, while he flirted with every smart

woman he set eyes upon—the more *outrée*, the more ultra-fashionable, the more unlike his wife was she, the more desperately enamoured he became. And this is not a fable, but a fact.



THE TENDERFOOT BOY-SCOUT: MASTER ARTHUR ROBERT PETER BADEN-POWELL, SON OF THE CHIEF SCOUT.

Master Baden-Powell, son and heir of General Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, was christened the other day at St. Peter's, Parkstone, Dorset. Needless to say, there was a guard of honour of Boy Scouts! The godfathers and godmothers were the Duke of Connaught, General Kekewich, Miss Sie Bower, and Mrs. Robert Davidson. Two of the most highly prized of the gifts are shown in the photograph—a silver-gilt cup from the Duke of Connaught and a white frock with red embroidery from a number of Boy Scouts. The youngster was born on Oct. 30 of last year.—[Photograph by Topical.]

A man friend of mine, young, cultured, and in a comfortable financial position, fell in love with a mannequin. Without being beautiful, she had charm, vivacity, an elegant figure, the art of smiling a great deal and saying very little, and above all, the instinct of Dress. That instinct, trained by her being for ever among beautiful clothes, wearing them, draping them, embellishing them with her young grace and queenly stature—that instinct had developed into a redoubtable science: a science sometimes perverse but always sure. She knew how to wear her own simple

MIXED DOUBLES.



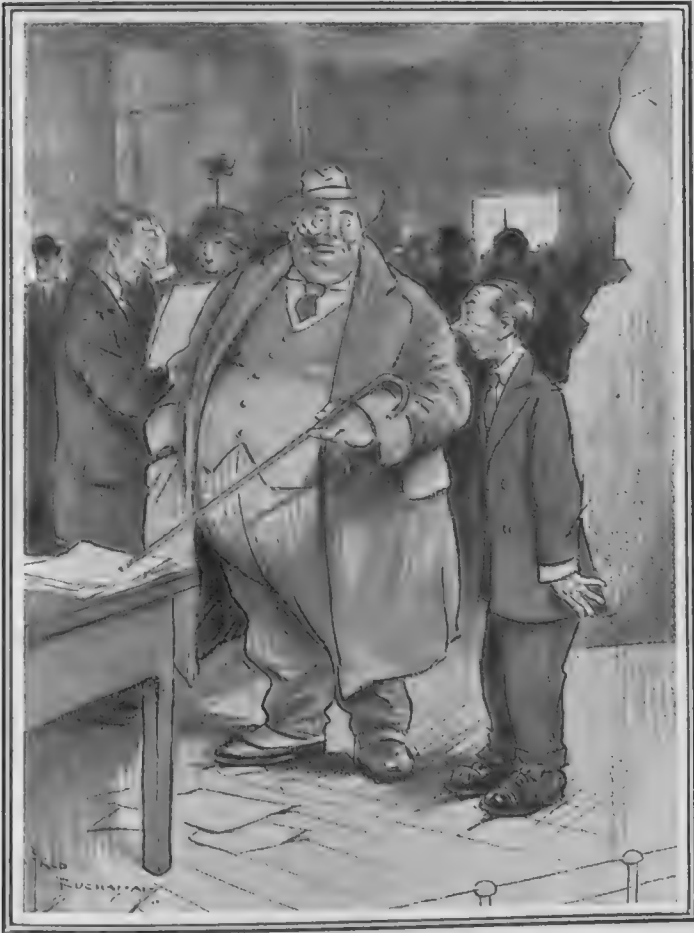
THE SLIGHTLY DEAF LADY (on a tour with her husband, with whom she has had a difference): I do wish, John, you would stop growling. You can't imagine how beast-like it sounds.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.



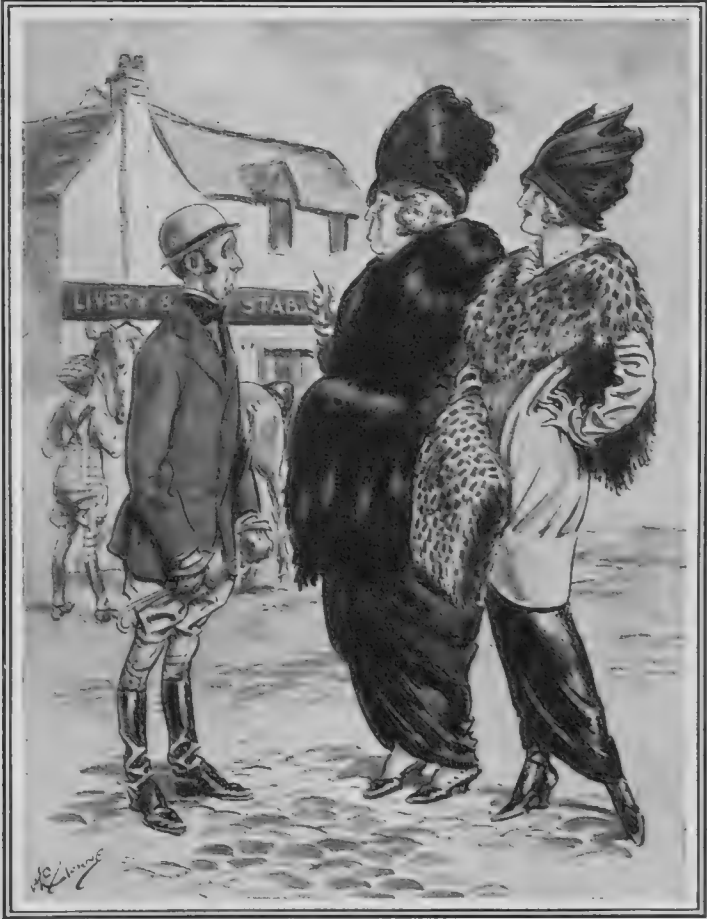
IF IN THE AIR, WHY NOT ON THE SKI? A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION OF UNPREMEDITATED FREAK-FLYING RECENTLY GIVEN BY AN AMATEUR LOOPER-OF-THE-LOOP IN SWITZERLAND.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE STOUT COMEDIAN (cast for the part of All Baba in a local pantomime, to the comedian cast for the donkey): There, d'ye see, laddie? Then if you carry me right up that flight of steps at the back of the cave for our exit, it ought to be a perfect scream.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



MRS. NOTLONG-GOTTRICK (buying a pair of carriage horses, owing to the fact that motors have become so cheap and low-class—to horsy individual with whom she is conducting negotiations): And don't forget that I want a pair that foam at the mouth!

DRAWN BY A. E. HORNE.



SIR ALFRED AMONG THE LIONS: A CLASSIC TO BE.*

"Replete" with Information and Observation.

Sir Alfred Pease is a mighty hunter before the Lord; the only Mr. Roosevelt voiced a general expert opinion when he said of his friend's proposal to write about lion-hunting: "Very, very few people have an experience which better justifies such a book. It is the king of all sports when carried on as you have carried it on, especially when you gallop the lion, and then kill him on foot as he charges or prepares to charge as a lion thus rounded

The Sacred Lion on Donkey-Back.

But Sir Alfred was deceived once—momentarily, and not on a colour question. The story is amusing. It happened in Algeria. Our author was driving along the road between Blidah and the Gorge de la Chifa. "Now," he says, "as we rolled along the dusty road I saw a very fine maned lion, freshly killed, being carried on a donkey, which staggered along under its heavy burden; the lion's forepaws scraped the ground on one side, and his massive head hung down in the dust; on the off side, the tip of his tail trailed from time to time on the road. An Arab led the donkey, and two other natives with big sticks in their hands walked alongside. I stopped . . . and before I got up to the donkey I asked them where they had killed the lion. 'Mackash môt' (not dead), said one of the Arabs, and then another gave a tug at a stout short bit of rope which was round the lion's neck. To my infinite surprise, the lion scrambled off the donkey and was led towards me. He was an old, yet fine and healthy specimen, quite blind, having had his sight but not his eyes destroyed, to render him more tractable. . . . I was told that this was a sort of sacred lion which they took from place to place, and that everywhere it was in great request for the exorcising of evil spirits, curing the sick, and for driving away the plague. . . . These lions are taken into the houses and sick-rooms, and their attendance is well paid for. . . . After my wife and I had spent some time examining the lion and his keepers, one of the attendants gave it a whack with his stick, and it turned of its own accord to where the donkey was standing, and scrambled over it, hung itself down at both ends as before, and the donkey, bending under its weight, trudged bravely forward again. The lion appeared once more as limp and lifeless as a sack."



CARRIED FROM PLACE TO PLACE SLUNG ACROSS A DONKEY'S BACK AND IN GREAT REQUEST FOR THE EXORCISING OF EVIL SPIRITS, CURING THE SICK, AND FOR DRIVING AWAY THE PLAGUE: A FINE OLD "SACRED" LION ENCOUNTERED BY SIR ALFRED PEASE IN ALGERIA.

From a Photograph, by Fernandus, in "The Book of the Lion"; by Courtesy of Sir Alfred E. Pease, and of the Publisher, Mr. John Murray.

up will generally do." And our author has the strength of his beliefs and his knowledge. He admits that what one man has seen and done is by no means complete evidence; but he is firmly wedded to a number of his ideas: to paraphrase an advertisement in a church magazine, which read, "Mr. Blank begs to inform the ladies of the parish that he is now replete with the latest millinery and invites inspection," Sir Alfred is "replete" with information and observation, and invites controversy. He will get it, especially from some of those stay-in-the-museum specialists of whom he has something to say.

Did the "Blue" Baboon Sit on the Mediterranean? Challenges will assuredly follow one of his notes on protective colouring. "Even the learned among naturalists," he writes, "appear to lose their mental equilibrium when they get on to their hobbies of protective colouring and the like. A very eminent authority lately declared that, because lions are tawny, they probably originally lived in sandy and desert places; he might just as well say that rhinos once lived in coal measures, because they are black, or that some of the baboons once sat on the Mediterranean because they are blue behind. Lions have, however, wandered into the desert where there is game, and some may dwell there and become lighter in colour. Why should lions want to live in sandy and desert places? They want to live where there is bush, and grass, and shade, and plenty to eat. The only lions which live on bare sand flats and which walk about in the Sahara are those which prowl about on the canvases of artists at the annual exhibitions of pictures. In an article by a good sportsman in the *Nineteenth Century* of 1895 appears this curious passage, which sounds like the sixteenth century: 'The natives told us that the colour of the skin of both rhinoceros and lion varies with the colour of the soil. Our own short experience quite bore this out, the lions killed on dark soil having a much bluer tinge than those which we had secured on red ground.' I wish he had given us some particulars of the red rhinos. What is true is that any animal, including elephants, which either roll or dust themselves in red soil, or beasts which wallow in red mud, *mirabile dictu*, take a reddish tinge. I have seen elephants as red as a brick church—protective colouring again, of course." There, indeed, is a glove thrown down!

The Lion in Every Phase.

With these two quotations, we have almost exhausted our space, and have mentioned but two things—one distinctly important, certainly; the other entertaining, but not suggestive of the undoubted value and thoroughness of the work under review. In the rather fewer than three hundred pages at his disposal, Sir Alfred has dealt with the lion (and, incidentally, with some other big beasts) in its every phase. Seeking lions, he found the terror of being lost—"the true terror: there is no other kind of fear like it"; he realises the character and appreciates the courage of the King of Beasts; he can tell exactly what the lion-hunter should wear and not wear, what his equipment should be, how he should be armed and how



HOW THE LIVING LION USED AS A "CURE" WAS CARRIED FROM PLACE TO PLACE: THE BEAST SLUNG ACROSS A DONKEY'S BACK IN A POSITION IT ASSUMED ON COMMAND.

From a Drawing in "The Book of the Lion"; by Courtesy of Sir Alfred E. Pease, and of the Publisher, Mr. John Murray.

use his arms; he is learned as to the distribution of lions; their destructiveness, the possible lengths of their charges, their domestic habits, the deadly, poisonous wounds they may deal with teeth and claws, their weights and sizes, their wonderful vitality; as to those which are man-eaters, as to that "truly terrible and earth-shaking sound," their roar, their keen sight, their "kills"—and, most of all, how to hunt them in true sporting fashion. In other words, his "Book of the Lion" should—we would dare say, will—become a classic.

* "The Book of the Lion." By Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bt. (John Murray; 20s. 6d. net.)

"O Moments Big as Years!"



No. II.—WHEN WE REALISE THAT THE STORY WE ARE TELLING IS TOO RISKY FOR PRESENT COMPANY.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A DRAMA ON THE DOME.

By WARD MUIR.

HE was the sort of Englishman whose visage is inflexibly wooden and pink, who wears a monocle, and who describes all Americans as Yankees. On board the steamer his smoking-saloon acquaintances had learned that his name was Howard—Bertram Howard—and, vaguely, that legal business forced him (they gathered that it required considerable force) to visit New York. He played an excellent game of bridge, was too inarticulate to become a bore, and when a concert was given in the steerage, he had gone down to the lower deck and sung, quite capitally, a couple of more or less comic songs.

Now, after interminable delays at the Customs, he had got rid of his baggage, checked it to a hotel, and, directed by a wharf official, had made his way to the Post Office. It appeared that he expected a cable, which was to await him there.

Dusk was falling as he emerged upon Broadway at City Hall Park, and the thousand windows of Printing House Square shone in a bright pattern, like a cliff of jewels uprising towards a sky of violet silk. From the harbour, Bertram Howard, adjusting his monocle, had pronounced the skyscrapers ugly; but in the twilight, spangled with lamps, their impressiveness grew upon him.

"Pretty, by Jove!" he murmured.

Then he crossed the street to the Post Office, and entered through one of its pairs of dingy swing-doors.

The unfamiliar passage-way wherein he found himself was lined with small pigeon-hole windows, labelled with inscriptions which, despite their English, were a strange language to Bertram Howard. "Mail" was not his noun either for "letters" or for "post," and "Circulars in Large Quantities" had no invitation for one who not only never despatched such literature, but habitually ignored it even when received. Smiling comfortably at these Americanisms, he reached the right window at last; and sure enough, his cablegram was there.

It had been there for three days . . . and it told him that his wife was dead.

Very stiffly Bertram Howard walked back, along the dim passage-way, past the mailing windows, past the "Circulars in Large Quantities" aperture, and emerged into the street. It was darker outside; the skyscrapers were now like vast curtains, let down from an invisible heaven and sewn with diamond panes; streams of surface-cars slid, gleaming, up and down the gulf of the thoroughfare; multitudes of hurrying figures poured across towards the subway station. Howard, fixing his monocle in his eye, gazed dully; then moved into the little park and lowered himself on to a bench.

Presently a young girl, with a bundle in her hand, was his neighbour on the bench. Howard hardly noticed her, and when she spoke he was startled.

"You're Mr. Bertram 'Oward, ain't you?"

"That's my name—yes."

"I come over on the same ship; I was in the steerage, and 'eard you sing them songs. Your name was on the programme. I *did* larf at them songs! But now——" Her implication was plain—she was forlorn, no longer in the mood for laughter.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

Her Cockney voice replied, "Only that the man 'oo met me—'im as I was goin' to marry—as taken my money an' done a bunk."

"You mean to say that you've been robbed?"

"That's wot I mean. I ain't got a penny, ain't got a bloomin' friend, ain't got nowhere to go to."

Howard glanced at her. Her face was almost hidden by an

enormous, tawdry hat, but her attire was not unattractive in a vulgar, flashy style; and frizzed blonde hair was discernible under the hat's brim.

"It would appear that things happen at a great pace to strangers in this country," said Howard. "I too have been robbed since landing."

"Eh? You don't mean it?"

"I do indeed. How much money had you?"

"Ten pounds."

"I had about half-a-million . . . or thought I had."

"'Arf-a-million!"

"Approximately." His tone was hard. "But I won't weary you with the details."

"Garn!" She expressed a healthy contempt for his pose. "W'y not tell me your yarn? I've told you mine. It 'elps. Get it orf your chest."

"Sensible advice," he conceded. "Well, you see, my wife died three days ago——"

"An' you can talk of it like *that*?" she interrupted angrily.

"You're shocked at my flippant tone?" he queried. "Very proper. Let me recommend you not to be censorious, though."

"Wot's 'censorious'?"

"No matter. My wife, I repeat, died three days ago. She was to have inherited, from an American uncle of whose death we had just heard, the life-interest in a sum of money amounting, as I've told you, to about half-a-million—pounds, not dollars. I came here to see to certain legal formalities which were involved in the bequest. My wife I left in England. Behold, when I land, I find that the half-million has evaporated into thin air. My wife has died, taking it with her—or rather, flinging it back into the coffers of some unknown nephew or other. Queer, isn't it?"

"It was *her* money, not yours." The comment was swift.

"Still, seeing that I married her for it——"

"You're honest, anyway!" she sneered.

"Shocked again?" he said.

"I was only thinkin' you deserved pretty much wot you've got," she retorted.

"Just so." He mused. "But poetic justice is so rare that when it does occur it takes one by surprise, and one is prone to be resentful."

She wrinkled her brow. "I don't understand 'arf you say. You're a toff—you speak different."

"Moreover," he pursued, "you never (I may presume) met my wife. She was an extraordinary creature, of foreign extraction, dark, passionate, excitable, with gipsy blood in her veins; tremendously dramatic and impulsive; temperamentally mercurial——"

"I don't understand 'arf you say," his neighbour repeated; "but wot you're gettin' at is this—your wife wasn't like you."

"Not the least atom like me," he agreed.

"Still, w'en a man's wife 'as died, an' 'e's as cool as a cucumber, an' is only sorry because 'e married 'er for 'er money——" She hesitated. "Seems to me 'e's a swine!" she wound up emphatically.

He nodded. "An entirely just diagnosis. 'Swine' is harsh, but pointed."

"All men are swine, I b'lieve," she announced. "The feller 'oo wrote me that 'e still loved me an' would marry me if I come over to America, an' then took my ten pounds——"

"He also was a swine? Doubtless." Howard shrugged his shoulders. "You must let me help you. My half-million—or

[Continued overleaf.]

ENCOURAGING HOME INDUSTRIES.



THE SCULPTOR'S MAID-OF-ALL-WORK (*to importunate image-vendor*): Nah git. You 'eard. Bung orf. We makes them things!



THE DENTIST'S DAUGHTER (*anxious to explain the presence of a young man in the passage*): Oh, Ronald darling, here's father coming. Quick! You'll just have to say you've come to have a tooth out.

DRAWINGS BY FRED BUCHANAN.

rather, the interest on which I had promised myself to subsist peacefully for many a long and pleasant year—has gone; but some ready cash remains."

"Thanks," she said; "but you've forgot something."

"What is that?"

"You've forgot that I've lost more'n the dirty little ten pounds. I lost a 'usband. I lost wot I'd b'lieved in . . . wot I'd lived for."

"He meant a lot to you?"

"I loved 'im," she said simply. Then, with a flare of passion, she added, "But you don't understand wot that means!"

"You are hard on me," Howard sighed. "But what do you propose to do?"

"Chuck myself in the water an' die."

"Nonsense!"

She shook her head. "D'you see that there 'ouse?" She pointed. "They call it a skyscraper 'ere. Wot I'd like to do is this: go up to the top of that there 'ouse—it's fine an' 'igh—an' jump off. Bang, smash, an' there's the end of me—no more trouble."

"And no more encounters with swine—precisely," Howard drew a deep breath. "Are you serious?"

"I take my oath on it. I tell you, Mr. 'Oward, I ain't goin' to live, I ain't. As I can't jump orf of that there 'ouse—they wouldn't let me up, I reckon—I'll go to the wharf or a bridge, or somethin' with deep water below. It won't be as quick, but I can't 'elp that."

He rose. "I'm with you. We'll end together, you and I—a pair to whom the United States have proved a disappointment."

"You're goin' to . . . to do it too?"—she stood up.

"I am. And in the manner you suggest. An acquaintance on board the steamer urged me to view the city by night from the dome of the Bradworth Building; he gave me a card which will enable us to ascend even after the hour at which the dome is usually closed to visitors. Come along."

She made no comment. In silence she picked up her bundle and followed him. They crossed the square. In a few minutes they were in the Bradworth's gorgeous, marble-pillared arcade, Howard's card of introduction had been scrutinised, and they were speeding aloft in the express elevator.

At the summit they passed out on to the open gallery beneath the stars, six hundred feet above the sidewalk.

They were alone.

The air was thin and cold and clear; they were on an alpine peak of steel and concrete which rose from out a lurid blur of gold-dust, pointing solemnly to a purer realm high overhead. Together they stood, poised upon this majestic pinnacle, a low balustrade separating them from the appalling chasm; and, leaning on the rail, they could discern in the misty, throbbing inferno beneath them myriads of minute black specks creeping hither and thither, insects in the glow.

"A remarkable view, by Jove!" said Howard.

"Oh, shut it!" His companion was shivering. "I can't stand that silly voice and that there 'By Jove' of yours. Not now—and here."

"All right. I shall not interrupt your meditations again. Tell me when you're . . . ready." He moved round the platform to the other side of the dome.

The spider-web of Brooklyn Bridge lay outspread before him, with its beads of lighted cars threading across; upon the invisible water other lights, singly or in clusters, marked the passage of the ferries. He stared for a space, then awoke to the presence of a hand upon his arm.

"Well?" he said.

"Are you goin' to jump—honest?" she gulped.

"It was your proposal. I leave it to you. If you prefer to descend in the normal fashion, I will bow to your decision and follow your example."

"You swine!"

"The monosyllable is hideous, but it has one merit—it rhymes with 'dine.' We could have dinner together."

"I'm awfully hungry," she laughed hysterically.

"So am I."

"We're rotten cowards," she blurted.

"No. We merely reserve to ourselves the privilege of changing our minds."

"You'll make me jump over still, if you go on talkin' like that."

"Do I annoy you so very dreadfully?"

"I ate you! I ate the way you speak, an' wot you say, an' that there silly eyeglass of yours. Mos' likely you 'ate me."

"Misfortunes would seem to make us candid. For my part, I find you most refreshing. So far from hating you, I protest that you are one of the few persons in the wide world, at this instant, whom I do not hate."

"'Ere, stop it!"

"Don't be alarmed. I'm not"—he grinned—"making overtures for a flirtation."

"You'd better not," she assured him.

"Flirtations are so laborious," he affirmed. "Come, let us ring

for the lift—no, the 'elevator—and when we've reached *terra firma* again we'll find a restaurant." He moved round towards the door. "By-the-bye, what is your name? You know mine. May I ask yours?"

She did not reply. He turned. She was standing, facing him, curiously mute. The one electric bulb which projected above the outside of the gallery door threw a faint yellow radiance athwart her figure, but underneath the brim of her large, too showy hat there was a wide shadow in which naught was visible but the occasional glint of her pupils.

"I dunno' as I'll tell you," she said at last.

"Why not?"

"I—I've changed my mind again." She laid her hand upon the balustrade. "I'm—I'm goin' to jump, after all." And like a flash she swung round and began scrambling on to the rail.

For a couple of seconds he watched her coolly. . . . Then he had hold of her arm, and pulled her back.

She panted. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"Do you think I'm such a fool as to risk losing you again?" he cried.

"To risk losing me again? Then you *know*?"

"You gave me ten minutes of hell with that cablegram."

"But when I'd followed you and sat down beside you on the bench and spun the yarn—"

"My dear, I at once knew that the finest amateur character-actress in the universe, so far from being dead, was not only alive, but—kicking. Kicking hard. So I kicked back."

"We both kicked," she acknowledged.

He took her hands. "Now tell me, Elise, what the deuce does it all mean? Why pretend to be ill, and then travel, disguised, in the same steamer as your husband? Why arrange to meet him with that outrageous cable? Why, in short, play the very dickens with my sanity?"

"Suppose the cable had been true?" she asked, in a low voice. "Suppose you *had* lost that half-million? . . . You'd got on my nerves with your mask of impassive cynicism. . . . I wanted to know how you *felt*."

"See what it is to have the imaginative artistic temperament! You goose! The instant you opened your lips you spoilt it all—and got nothing out of me but some acid dialogue, 'playing up to' your own comedy rôle. And you drank it all in; and now you can't guess for how much of it I was in earnest and how much I wasn't. If you'd held your tongue you might have found out what you wanted to know." He chuckled. "But now, you see, *you'll never know*!"

"No"—she uttered the words slowly—"I'll never know. All my stupid, complicated, fantastic plot has been in vain. I shall never know. I never *have* known. Bert—you're the impossible Englishman, the caricature with the fatuous stare and the monocle and the 'By Jove,' and the drawl . . . and the hideously, cruelly sharp brain behind. Did you marry me because I was going to inherit this money? Do you 'care'? I'll never know! You are inscrutable. I'll never know!"

"You'll never know, Elise!" he mocked her.

"Yes—that's your revenge," she said. "And—and I love you!" Her voice broke. She steadied herself. "But one thing *you'll never know*, Bert."

"What's that, dear?"

"You'll never know whether, if you hadn't pulled me back, I'd not have thrown myself over, here."

He whitened. "By heaven!" He seized her roughly, and pushed upward the brim of her hat. "Let me see your face, Elise! Let me see you without that beastly hat and the false fringe, and all the rest of the hateful disguise. Let me see if you are lying. You can't really mean—?" He choked.

They stared into each other's eyes. Hers suddenly filled with tears, but her mouth, trembling, curved into a smile.

"Ah, I've unmasked you for once," she exulted. "The agony has been worth while! You *do* care, Bert! You *do* love me! It wasn't the money!"

There was a metallic click behind them.

"Elevator! Goin' down!" announced a raucous voice.

In the elevator, as it sank dizzily beneath their feet, she raised herself on tip-toe and whispered in his ear—

"So the unemotional, wooden man with the monocle really has a heart!"

"Which, despite her uncle's wealth," he whispered back, "is utterly—and illogically—devoted to a certain mad-woman-jealous-actress-cat with the artistic temperament. Crazy, adorable creature! I've a bit of news for you. I intended to keep it till after dinner—and a glass of champagne—but I'll tell it you now. On board the steamer, you understand, we saloon passengers got the daily news by wireless. One of the Maconigrams mentioned, yesterday, that a false report had been circulated . . . and, well, it turns out, my dear, that your precious uncle *isn't* dead!"

"Bert!", she gasped. "You knew this all along!" Then she trilled with laughter. "I'm glad—glad. I wonder whether he's in New York? Let's 'phone him to come and dine with us!"

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

BETTER THAN THE CAT-SCRATCH-IN-THE-NIGHT TYPE OF BUNKER: TAKING THE HURDLES AT HYÈRES.

The Hurdles of Hyères.

The other day we went over to Hyères to see how they were getting on with their golf down that way, and we found that they were getting on very well indeed. Between Costebelle and Hyères, which are only three or four miles distant from each other, there is all the difference in the world, and they are not to be compared. Each is for its set, and that is the beginning and the end of it. I must say, however, that the Hyères club and course are marvellously well managed in these times, and I believe that, despite certain disadvantages from which it suffers or may seem to suffer, the golf community that assembles here every winter is, for its kind, one of the strongest and most enthusiastic in existence. The chief of these disadvantages is the fact that hurdles stuffed with all kinds of dry vegetable material have to be used for bunkers over most parts of the course, owing, I believe, to the objections of the landlords to having the real thing made with spades and shovels. These do not look very much like golf, but one can get used to them, and they have their points. A hurdle bunker, after all, looks no worse than a scrappy, shallow excavation among dry clay, with some dust and stuff that looks like shells—and crackles accordingly—to play the ball from. It may seem like an impudent attempt to justify these hurdles when right-thinking golfers would say that they should be publicly burnt, but I cannot help thinking that the ordinary cut bunker on the Riviera is a melancholy failure, and planted bushes were often better, like those they have on the way to the south at Costebelle. When there are little hollows with small banks about them to give the impression that a large-sized cat has been scratching there in the night, and when, moreover, the banks are covered with wire netting to protect them (but really assisting the illusion about the cat by making it appear that they wish to catch it), I could wish that all the Riviera would give up bunkering through the medium of real estate and take to such like flourishes as flourish at Hyères.

A Great Success in Twenty Years.

And, by the way, how long they have flourished there—because in another season Hyères golf will come of age, and I shall have M. Zick and a few other persons very intimately concerned to support me in the suggestion that, but for golf, this beautiful Hyères would have been very nearly off the pleasure-seekers' map by now, despite the boom it got in the days when great Victoria was Queen and paid several visits to the place. Yet the case is now that there is, perhaps, more golf played here than at any other place on the Côte d'Azur save one, and some of the statistics that have been provided me in the matter are really astonishing. Like the lady who was loved, I didn't want to do it, but I have

been compelled to say in honesty that the hurdle course has this season been at times the busiest and most popular of them all. That is a triumph. And the little hotel that was once alongside has now become one of the biggest and most attractive establishments of the kind in the South of France. As I

have said, these hurdles have, after all, the great quality of efficiency. Going to the sixteenth, partner was direly upset by one of them playing monstrous havoc with a very fine second shot, and only a glorious drive from the seventeenth tee could quell the passion that had been aroused. In places the hurdles look like columns of infantry marching towards the hole; and in one case, where there are columns marching almost abreast to two different holes, it is easy enough for the player to hitch himself up to the wrong regiment, as partner discovered when finding rather late that the hole was being attacked too much on its left flank, and that, in short, the enemy was not located properly. (What happened really was that I shouted out—at great self-sacrifice, for I was being sorely pressed—"You are playing to the wrong flag!")

The Pleasure of the Day.

But lest I make it appear that the hurdles are everything and the course has no other strong features, let me say, hurriedly, that in most parts the turf is really excellent—far better than on other Riviera courses—and gives a considerable pleasure in the touch of the feet; and again, that it is delightful playing along past the silver-barked trees to the hole in the avenue thereof; and yet again, that some of the short holes, properly bunkered and with no hurdles, are, on the Riviera standard, excellent. The third is played over the tops of high trees; the fifth, with its cross bunkers and sloping green beyond, wing bunkers protecting it, is very much like the real thing of the homeland; and the fifteenth,

where there are pot bunkers in front and a background of tall trees, is a sweet piece of golf of its kind. The competition and other arrangements are very well managed by Mr. G. H. Logan, the secretary; and, by the way, Mr. Douglas Grant, the well-known player round about London and elsewhere, has been settling the good example from his plus-2 in the matter of low scoring in these parts lately. It was a happy day that we spent this way: the game in the morning, rest and quiet contemplation

in the afternoon, and a drive home to headquarters in the gloaming making up one of those golfing experiences that do stand out in the records of memory. I can easily forgive Riviera golf for all its faults because of the many virtues by which they are counteracted.

HENRY LEACH.



OF VERY SPECIAL INTEREST JUST NOW, OWING TO THE "CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS" IN SWEDEN: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN (PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT) AS GOLFER.

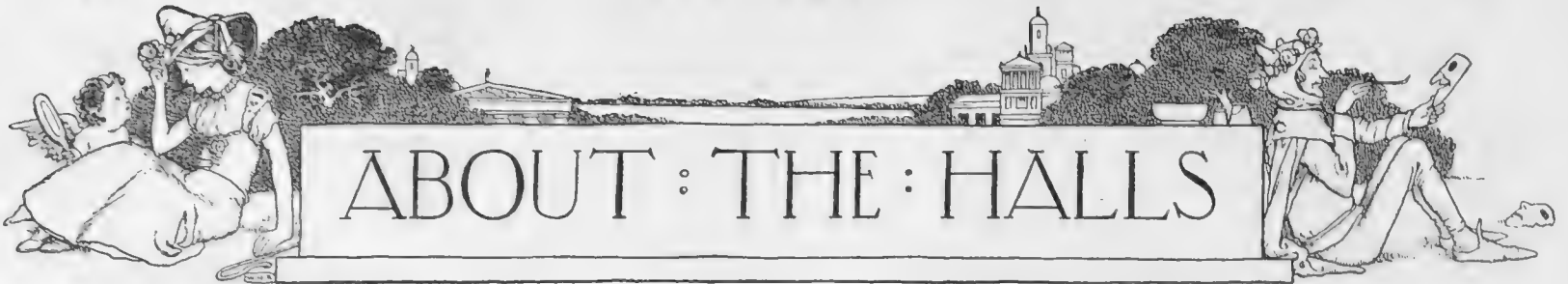
It was suggested the other day that the King of Sweden might abdicate in favour of the Crown Prince, owing to the situation brought about by the fact that his Majesty insists on his right to speak in public on political matters without consulting his Government.

Photograph by C.N.



OPENING A BLIND-ALLEY EMPLOYMENT: GOLF-CADDIES BEING TAUGHT TAILORING.

The problem of the future of boy golf-caddies, who are employed, as it were, in a blind-alley occupation, is tackled by the Birkdale Golf Club in a manner more clubs might well copy. The youngsters are required to attend special classes organised by the club for gardening, boot-making, or tailoring.—[Photograph by Fletcher.]



LATEST DOINGS AT THE PALACE, THE OXFORD, AND THE ALHAMBRA.

AT the Palace there has been a complete change of programme, which includes much that is attractive. Amongst the new arrivals are to be particularly noted Severin-Mars and Irene Bordoni in "L'Impresario," in which a lunatic calls upon a lady in place of an American impresario, and she manages to hold him entertained by singing rag-time melodies until his keeper arrives and takes him back to the place from which he has escaped. This little piece is very well played by Mlle. Irene Bordoni and by

M. Severin-Mars, who is an actor of much power and distinction. Then there is Mlle. Anka Layewa, a lady of considerable vocal attainment, whose repertoire consists of Serbo-Croatian folk-songs, which she sings very well indeed. And then again, there is being produced for the first time a one-act comedy from the pen of Mr. Arnold Bennett, entitled "Rivals for Rosamund," a brightly written little piece which serves its purpose admirably. It presents a lady who is interrupted on the night before her wedding by her fiancé, to whom she divulges the fact that she has already had a



"HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: JAMES OLLERENSHAW (MR. NORMAN McKINNEL) IS "BOSSSED" BY HELEN RATHBONE (MISS NANCY PRICE).

"Helen with the High Hand" is an adaptation, by Mr. Richard Pryce, from Mr. Arnold Bennett's novel. It turns on the high hand taken by Helen with her miserly but good-hearted great-step-uncle, James Ollerenshaw, who, with an income of somewhere about £5000, lives in a cottage rented at £12 a year and allows 15s. a week for house-keeping.—[Photograph by C.N.]

love-affair. In due course the other man makes his appearance, the fiancé being meantime concealed behind a screen. The new arrival makes such way that the lady finally requests her accepted lover to let her off and allow her to marry the interloper. But all is brought to a satisfactory conclusion, the interloper is disposed of, and the original pair of lovers revert to the *status quo*. This little piece is brightly written and very capably acted. The part of the lady is well played by Miss Madge Fabian, while the two men are agreeably portrayed by Mr. Ronald Squire and Mr. Lionel Atwill. However, it must honestly be confessed that it does not evoke anything like the laughter that is occasioned by the subsequent arrival of Mr. Barclay Gammon, who returns with new songs and a new exit which is very funny indeed. This item and Mr. Herman Finck's "Musical Memories" are invariably successful in providing the house with the merriment of which it is in search.

At the Oxford. This music-hall is making strenuous efforts to secure the presence of those who have been shut out by the closing of the Tivoli. The bars are no longer in evidence, and everything is being done to cater for a more aristocratic type of audience than it has hitherto been accustomed to welcome. There is still a large public which is not attuned to the somewhat long-drawn diversions of the revue, and the Oxford is aiming at securing it among its patrons. Its chief attraction during the past week has been Mr. Albert Chevalier, who shows no diminution of his power to attract and to hold audiences by his varied gifts. He is a sterling comedian whose drawing powers show no signs of lessening, and he gives just a little old-world touch to the proceedings which audiences seem to find very welcome. His repertoire is large and varied, and the older the item presented by him the more welcome it always appears to be. He starts with his admirable impersonation of the Fallen Star (in which he portrays the

tribulations of the old stage favourite who is now reduced to the accumulation of the fag-ends of cigars), and then proceeds to such old favourites as "My Old Dutch," and, in response to vociferous encoring, changes again and sings the old-time "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road." Of these latter the public never seems to grow weary. It is now a great many years since they were novelties, but they seem unalterable in their ability to attract, and Mr. Chevalier will be able to go on singing them for a long time yet before they have lost their power.

"Keep Smiling." A visit to the Alhambra the other evening showed a certain diminution in the audience, but none in its continued liking for the show presented, which was received with every demonstration of unflagging approval. This was thoroughly deserved, for beyond a doubt it is one of the best revues which have been vouchsafed to us since the new form of entertainment gained its vogue. The Assyrian ballet, "Asiducna," with Miss Mossetti, Miss Monkman, and Mr. Austin, I found still high in favour; while Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox's "Hullo, Honey!" retained its place in the programme. Mr. Hale is, of course, the chief attraction, and he is unsparing in his efforts to amuse. "The Zigzags" still continues to evoke immense merriment, and his impersonation of the lady gifted with second-sight is better than

ever, his gags being received with ceaseless laughter by the audience. The "Wonder Zoo and Tudor Circus" is also very funny, and the speech of "Lord Lonsdale" wins rapturous applause. The final scene, with the main feature of the great staircase, is as well done as ever, the "Air de Ballet" given by Miss Mossetti, being very well received—as, indeed, are all the "turns" given upon the great staircase. But perhaps the item which went best was Mr. Hale's impersonation of the Amazing Equestrienne performing doughty feats upon the diminutive donkey, which went amazingly well. The whole performance is carried through with complete success, and there is not a dull moment to be discerned in it. Mr. Hale himself is a most valuable asset, and every moment that he is on the stage is marked by unrestrained laughter; but the cast is good throughout, and everybody works hard for the desired effect. It looks as if it will be a long time before there is any need for a change of programme at the Alhambra.



LADY SHOLTO DOUGLAS ON THE STAGE: "MISS LORNA LESLIE" IN "A SOLDIER'S MOTHER."

It will be recalled that in "The Yellow Jacket" there was, amongst the characters, the Widow Ching, who, towards the end of the play, climbed up a ladder set in place by the Property Man and so ascended into Heaven, represented by a balcony. This part was played by "Miss Lorna Leslie," who, it is now announced, is Lady Sholto Douglas, sister-in-law of the Marquess of Queensberry. Now, Lady Sholto Douglas herself has revealed the secret, and she is playing under her own name in the sketch, "A Soldier's Mother," which has been given, for example, at the Putney Hippodrome. Lady Sholto Douglas was an actress before she married, and, as Lorna Leslie, played a number of important parts in the United States. "A Soldier's Mother" deals with the American Civil War, and in this connection it is interesting to note that the young actress's father, Major John Mooney, fought for the South during that war. Lady Sholto Douglas's maiden name was Loretta Mooney. Her marriage took place in 1895, and she has two sons.

Photograph by C.N.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A NEW JOB FOR ROAD-SCOUTS: SHOULD THE MANCHESTER SHOW CONTINUE? "THINKING ABOUT IT."

Patrols as House-Hunters.

In its time the Automobile Association has played many parts, and generally with success. The latest responsibility, however, which it has assumed fairly out-*Herods Herod* in the way of novelty, and opens up a field of possibilities which may well make the Association tremble for its future. A member, it appears, recently consulted the manager of the City branch with regard to renting a cottage in Kent, Surrey, or Sussex for the coming season, intimating that he himself was unable to find the necessary accommodation. The patrol services in the three counties mentioned have been instructed, therefore, to report to headquarters should they know of a cottage fulfilling the member's requirements. This is very nice for the member; but what is to happen if his example is followed by a few thousand others? I am on the look-out for a house myself at the present moment: hence I should not know whether to be the more annoyed or amused if I were to set a patrol hunting on my account, and then, perhaps, run into a trap because that particular scout was off his beat for the time being as the result of following up my request.

The Show Question Again.

Discussion continues to be waged as to the propriety or otherwise of continuing the North of England Motor Show as an annual fixture, for, though there is an overwhelming majority against it so far as concerns the membership of the Trade Society generally, in the Manchester district itself the feeling is in favour of continuance. Unless a sufficient number of outside firms combine to hold the Show, or some of the existing members of the Society choose to break away, it is not easy to say how the affair can be arranged, and, in any case, the exhibition can hardly be representative in character. But, really, one does not see why a show is desirable in Manchester, in view of its nearness to the Metropolis, and still more in view of the fact that there are agents innumerable in the northern city who have show-rooms of their own. If a demand for an exhibition came from firms who have no permanent depots in the Cotton City one could understand the situation, but it is apparently the retail dealers who desire the show to be maintained as an annual fixture; and if the manufacturers who supply the cars—and who are mostly members of the Trade Society—are of the opposite opinion, it is difficult to see how local wishes can be fulfilled.

Scottish Show Humours.

With Edinburgh, however, the case is different, and I do not think that any pronounced opposition will declare itself against the continuation of the Scottish exhibition. The exhibitors there get into touch with

a totally different *clientèle* from that of Olympia, and the annual exhibition is an undoubted convenience all round. The only people who might welcome the suppression of the Edinburgh fixture are the stand attendants themselves, for the difficulties which they have to encounter, as compared with the average state of things at

Olympia, are nothing if not tiresome. I notice that in the *Motor* a salesman is stated to have spent two hours in answering the questions of a potential buyer, who finally asked, "If the car went slower, would the price be less?" I witnessed something of the kind myself at the stand of a well-known agent. A friend whom I met during the morning asked me if I was returning for lunch to the hotel at which we were both staying, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "Well, I will drive you back. Meet me at half-past twelve." I turned up at the time named, whereupon he said, "I promised to take Mr. Blank also. Let us go round to his stand."

The Pawky Scot.

We went. Mr. Blank, we found, was inside one of his own limousines in earnest confabulation with an elderly gentleman with two attendant satellites who had come to help him choose a car. An interminable conversation seemed to be in progress, and we saw Mr. Blank pointing out one detail after another of the fittings. The indoor meeting was kept up for about half-an-hour, and at last the quartet emerged from the interior of the car. Then the old gentleman began to go all round the outside, and more questioning was indulged in for another quarter-of-an-hour. My friend and I, who were not only hungry but pressed for time, meanwhile gnashed our teeth in impotent rage. Finally, to our great relief, the old gentleman shook hands with Mr. Blank and stepped off the stand. Alas! he

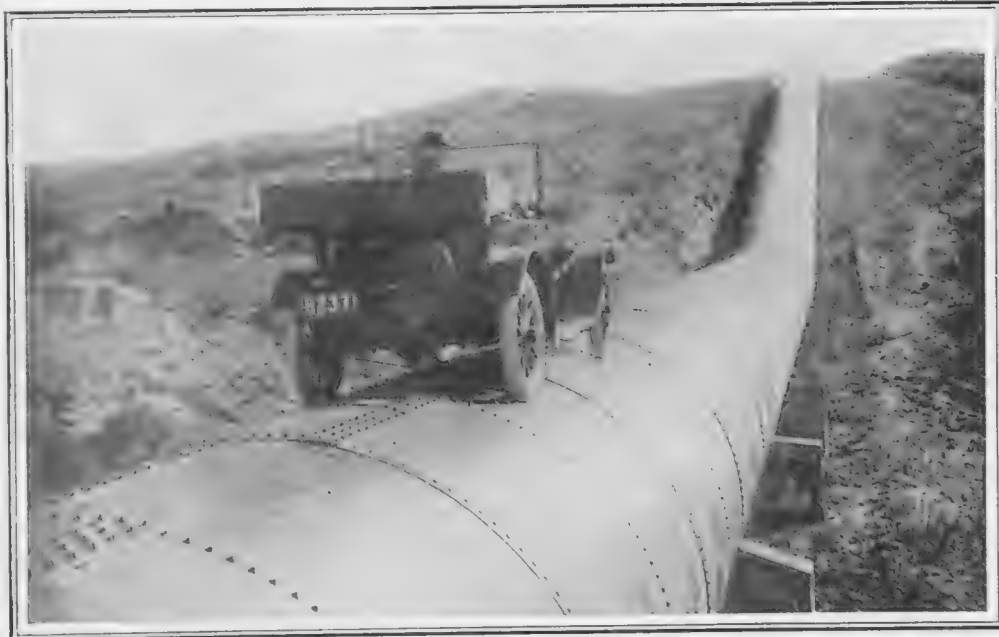
thought of something else, and began his questioning anew, and dilly-dallied until at last I began to know what it was to harbour the murderous instinct. At last he really departed from what had become a veritable scene of anguish, but without leaving a firm order. Then, just as we were going to capture Mr. Blank *vi et armis*, he was waylaid by another party of three inquirers, who enchained him for a further period! The next time I travel from the Waverley Market to the other end of Princes Street it shall be by tram-car. Mr. Blank, by the way, took it all as in the day's march, for this sort of thing is general at the Scottish Show; and as a further illustration I may mention that a book-

stand attendant at the Show told me of a canny Scot examining a shilling hand-book for some twenty minutes. He called again later and had a second inspection, and then, when asked if he would buy, remarked that he would "think about it."



FOR FIGHTING AIR-CRAFT IN FLIGHT: A QUICK-FIRER MOUNTED ON AN ARMoured AEROPLANE.

France has been testing an armoured monoplane for two people, a pilot and a marksman. The head and shoulders only of the pilot, who is seated well behind the marksman, are exposed above the armour. The marksman is similarly situated, save when he is using the gun, when he has to stand. A rail nearly waist-high lessens the risk of his falling from the machine. The gun is so placed that it can fire at objects on the ground or below it in the air without risk of hitting the propeller. It was made particularly for use against dirigibles.—[Photograph by Rol.]



MOTURING ON TOP OF A PIPE OF THE LARGEST AQUEDUCT IN THE WORLD: A CAR DRIVEN ALONG THE "LINE."

Mr. Bert Dingley, well known formerly as one of the foremost of racing motorists in the United States, recently performed a curious feat by driving along a section of a great pipe-line of the largest aqueduct in the world, which was inaugurated recently, and is designed to carry a daily supply of 238,000,000 gallons from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, across the great Mojave Desert, under the Sierra Madre Range, and so into the San Fernando Valley, twenty-five miles north-west of the city of Los Angeles, California—a total distance of 235 miles. From the reservoirs there, the water is carried to the city distribution-mains through a six-foot steel pipe.—[Photograph by Topical.]

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BARE-LEGGED, SANDALLED, AND RIDING ASTRIDE: PRINCESS YOLANDA, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

Princess Yolanda was born in Rome on June 1, 1901.—[Photograph by Abeniacar.]

have led her to hand over Warwick Castle to the cinematographers, and to give her evenings to the platform and her days to all sorts of endeavour in social construction and reconstruction.

Countess versus Commonwealth.

Much as Lady Warwick treasures the Sargent portrait, or group, if only because it includes an admirable likeness of her younger son, she cannot but look at it in her more democratic moods with some suspicion. It is essentially the portrait of the Countess. The flowing robes, the background of park, the pedestal upon which her son is seated, and the comfortable radiance of colour and lighting give it a character that she was half inclined to resent when it caught her eye in the middle of stressful days. That Mr. Sargent had given subtlety and purpose to her face seemed hardly to counterbalance the sumptuousness of the setting. For the purposes of portraiture, at any rate, it seemed as if Lady Warwick had capitulated to the environment of a privileged class. That is why she is only half-sorry that her portrait is now a public possession.

A Translation into the Feminine.

Mr. Masterman's name has the sound of masculinity, even to the point of redundancy. "Mister Master Man, Sir" (as he is announced by the even-voiced official who ushers him into the presence of his chief in Downing Street), is a phrase, he has remarked, that covers all the lower orders of the male community; it is a whole House of Commons in four words. But during last week Bethnal Green was made very much aware of its translation into the feminine. Mrs. Masterman was an industrious, beautiful, and well-nigh irresistible canvasser.

A Large Dinner and Tiny Dance.

Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg took Princess Louise of Battenberg to Lady Saltoun's most successful dinner and dance last week in Bryanston Square. The presence of royalty, of the French Ambassador, and of many people who, like Lord Curzon, begin to claim exemption from a full dancing programme, distinguished it

LADY Warwick did not part with her Sargent portrait without a pang, but the good Socialist that is in her finds consolation in the fact that it has gone to a museum. She is accustomed by long practice to giving her countenance to this and that public cause, and since her portrait is to be public property in Worcester, U.S.A., the transaction quite conforms to the principles which

from the majority of the year's dances. So far they have all been very young, like the season. But the smallness of Lady Saltoun's gathering saved it from the dancing disabilities generally associated with gatherings honoured by royalty, Ambassadors, and elders. Her guests were numerous enough to constitute a large dinner-party, and few enough to make what she called "a tiny dance."

The Lansdowne Cow.

Last week's summons to Lansdowne House was issued with all the urgency that befits a council of war. After a long sitting in the Lords, it was decided that the only thing to do was to confer under the roof of the leader. The geese had quacked, and the defenders of the State forthwith gathered together for the sort of talk that is real business. Let it be said, however, Lansdowne House, though it be the capital of Conservatism, has no geese of its own, nor has it even the cow which of old was said to low whenever the nobility was endangered. Of that garden cow mention is made in Mr. Gosse's recent reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill. According to neighbours, the nobility must have always been in danger if indeed the lowings of the animal were ominous. One day Lord Lansdowne received a letter of protest asking him to suppress his pet. It was couched in broadest Shire dialect, and the postscript ran: "Dang it, there it goes again!" For a time Lord Lansdowne was puzzled; but, later, Lady Dorothy confessed to the composition.

The Keppels in Town.

The Countess of Albemarle's dance revives the Edwardian glories of Belgrave Square. All functions of Lady Albemarle's devising flourish, but of late she has done comparatively little entertaining in town. Quidenham Hall takes much of her time and most of her affection. It was she who made it ready for several royal visits, and turned an interior that had grown rather unattractively old-fashioned into a place famous for its creature comforts—or kingly ones. Mrs. George Keppel, Lady Albemarle's relative, last week gave a dance of her own, and every day since then she has either lunched and dined with friends or lunched and dined them. The "fighting Keppels" are never long away from the front, even though the engagements be entirely peaceful.



ON HIS HUSTLE - VISIT TO LONDON: PRINCE WILLIAM OF WIED, THE ELECTED KING OF ALBANIA, ALIGHTING AT HIS HOTEL DOOR.

Prince William, who is soon to be King of Albania, arrived at Victoria at 8.5 a.m. one morning last week; visited the German Embassy at 11 in the morning, and the Austrian Embassy at noon; lunched with the King at Buckingham Palace at 1.30; saw Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office at 3.30; left a card at Mr. Asquith's in Downing Street at four; wrote his name in Queen Alexandra's visiting-book at Marlborough House at 4.15; dined at the German Embassy at 7.30, and left Charing Cross for Paris at nine.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



TO MARRY EARLY IN MAY: COUNT ELSTON AND PRINCESS IRENE ALEXANDROVNA.

Count Elston, who is well known in England, is the son of Felix Felixovitch, Prince Youssouppoff, Count Soumarokoff-Elston, and Zeneide Nicolaievna, Princess Youssouppoff. He was born at St. Petersburg in March 1887. His full style is Count Felix Soumarokoff-Elston. Princess Irene, who was born in July 1895, is the only daughter and the eldest child of the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch who, in 1894, married the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Above and Below Stairs.

It is exceedingly difficult to make a play or a book acceptable which deals with the love-affairs of a lady and a servant. I do not know of one which has succeeded, while even Mr. Bernard Shaw, in "Fanny's First Play," had to make his burlesque footman own brother to a duke, or be sure the heroine could not have married him. Similarly, even Miss Marie Tempest has not succeeded in making this theme acceptable in her new piece, "Thank Your Ladyship." There is something in our national sense of the decorous which revolts at the thought of such mésalliances, though Society only smiles, nowadays, when youthful carls and brothers of marquesses take unto themselves help-mates from behind the scenes. "Vous appelez ces choses-là des hommes?" cried the eighteenth century marquise when someone expostulated with her on the easy way she treated her men-servants, and I suppose, at heart, this attitude is much the same in all highly civilised and wealthy countries where men-servants abound. Thackeray had a holy horror of these stately and imperturbable domestic inquisitors, and he shows it, in his novels, in a thousand ways. He is haunted by the thought of "what will be said" below-stairs, and depicts for us, again and again, how footmen, butlers, ladies'-maids, and valets complicate social life.

Hashish and the Post-Impressionist.

Wise French doctors are beginning to find a link between the use of hashish—Indian hemp—and the amazing eccentricities of some of the Cubist painters in France. For it appears that this Oriental drug, has, among other extraordinary effects on the imbiber, that of distorting the vision. The *Medical Chronicle* declares that with the revival of hashish in certain artistic circles appeared, in the Salons, the phenomenon of Cubism. Certainly ordinary eyes do not see people or objects neatly arranged in coloured cubes, nor have I ever been able to make out what the Cubists intended to convey by their singular methods of presenting their subjects. The much-derided Italian Futurists had, at any rate, something to say; they tried to express mental experiences and ideas on canvas. It was, at any rate, a new way of envisaging the art of painting, and was interesting, as all new essays must be in the world of the arts. But if this hashish theory is true, it accounts for much that is disquieting and sinister in this modern movement, which has begun to infect even bourgeois circles, especially in Germany. It is difficult to picture a stout matron in Lower Tooting hurrying up to town to purchase the latest Cubist atrocity, yet this lady's counterpart in Munich, Berlin, or Düsseldorf will greedily buy up any sketch, however hideous, so long as it is of the "modern school." And the German artist, nothing loth, turns out these so-called pictures by the hundred.

The Genius and His Drug.

Strange that people of genius or talent—in the West as in the East—are so prone to lull or excite themselves by the means of powerful drugs. Up to now, we English, being addicted to looking on the wine when it is red, and even more potent drinks, have escaped the drug-curse. At present, we are as universal lovers of tea as are the Russians and Chinese. But for about eighty years the French have been exciting themselves with absinthe and lulling themselves with morphia. Both are terrible in their effects on certain temperaments. In the 'fifties of the last century, many of the poets whose names are now familiar dosed themselves with absinthe until they were mere wrecks. The end of the unfortunate genius Alfred de Musset was specially painful; and of the private life of another genius, Paul Verlaine, no one cares to speak. It is a singular fact that Frenchwomen of talent do not indulge in these strange excesses, so that while de Musset died an ignoble death, still a young man, Georges Sand lived to be a happy grandmother, adored by all who knew her, and industrious to the end.

Why Not a Chinese Dance?

There being a mad fashion for everything Chinese, from screens to jade ornaments, from porcelain beasts to embroidered coats, I see no reason why the newly imported Ta-Tao—which arrived, of course, by way of Paris—should not catch on like the South American dances which are now the mode in certain circles. The Middle Kingdom is a much older, more civilised, and more cultured country than Brazil or the Argentine, so that obviously it should produce a dance more suitable to our brief thousand years of civilisation than the young Latin Republics of the Far West. The Ta-Tao is said to be exceedingly stately and graceful, faintly resembling a Georgian minuet, and the arms and hands keep time to the music, even the forefinger being employed to heighten the effect. Yet if the Ta-Tao is too formal, it will not be danced by the younger generation, who like, above all things, a "rag" and a "romp." They are out to take exercise when they go to a ball, and it will be long before they will readily assume the languorous graces and artifices connected with dancing in the eighteenth century. Young creatures who, a year or two ago, never tired of gazing at that extraordinary spectacle, La Danse des Apaches, nor wanted any pressing to practise it themselves, are not likely to take up bowing and scraping as a ball-room diversion. As a matter of fact, most Englishmen don't know how to bow, and are exceedingly shy of doing so; while girls of the upper classes are usually taught nowadays to curtsy in the Continental manner to their elders, and have, of course, special lessons when they are to be presented at Court. For the girls, then, the minuet, though it might bore them, would have no terrors. But what of the festive, coat-tail-lying "nut"?



THE VOGUE OF THE PLAID: AN AFTERNOON COSTUME.

This chic costume for the afternoon has a coat of tan-coloured cloth, with a skirt, and cross-over effect on the coat, of green, brown, and tan plaid.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 11.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE satisfactory dividend of the Great Western Railway had been discounted in the market before its announcement, with the result that the Ordinary stock was rather easier afterwards. The dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. for the last half of the year was up to the most optimistic expectations, and, as it brought the total distribution up to 6½ per cent. for the year, we fail to see how it could have been otherwise. The increased dividend represents a sum of £225,600, and on this occasion £200,000 goes to reserve, against nothing a year ago; while the carry-forward is now £5000 lower at £128,000. It would seem, therefore, that the Company's net revenue was about £420,000 higher than for 1912. This out of a gross traffic increase of £964,000 is distinctly good, and shows that the Great Western, at any rate, have found means largely to counteract the increase in working costs which has so severely affected most of the other English lines.

We are inclined to think that the working agreement with the London and South-Western Company is beginning to make itself felt, and has contributed materially to these good results.

At the current figure of 120, the stock yields over 5 per cent., and we look upon it as a very fine investment at this price. The dividend has not been below 5½ per cent. since 1902, while the expenditure upon rolling stock and permanent way has been upon an exceptionally liberal scale—to the great comfort of all who use the line!

SIBERIAN PROPRIETARY.

It is a good many years since Siberian Props. were "rigged" up to 15½, and the fact that a week ago the shares could be picked up at 5s. sufficiently indicates the amount of interest they have received of late. On Wednesday, however, the shares spurted sharply, and were bid for at 9s.

We have been at some pains to verify the rumours which are going about, and although we have been unable to obtain anything official, we learn on reliable authority that the Company is interested in two private syndicates which have options on mining properties in Siberia; and, furthermore, that all the tests which have been made up to the present have been satisfactory. The buying has been of an influential character, and although it is generally believed to have come from Russia, we are very much inclined to think Paris is partly responsible.

The Company's position is really not so bad, although its large holdings in Troitsk and Orsk are pretty hopeless, and the shares seem a reasonable gamble at their current price. The option-dealers, at all events, are not taking liberties with them, and call options are unobtainable!

HERE AND THERE.

The condition of the market for Trust Companies' stocks was clearly demonstrated last week by a letter from a Stock Exchange firm to the *Financial News*. The latter published a list of twelve Trust Preference stocks on Feb. 18, and under the same date the firm in question wrote: "... it is not always possible to buy what you rightly point out as attractive. Of to-day's list there is no stock in the market in nine of them, and only £150 in the tenth." Comment is unnecessary.

The directors of the Sunbeam Motor-Car Company deserve the greatest praise for their highly successful management of the business, and no doubt the shareholders will be very glad to get the handsome bonus which is offered them under the scheme for increasing the Ordinary capital. But it is not the kind of finance for which we care very much, and we doubt whether the shareholders reap any real advantage in the end. In the case of railways and public utility Companies it is, perhaps, admissible to "water" the capital in this way, because it is bad policy to show a high rate of dividend, but with commercial concerns there is no such excuse.

The traffic returns of the various Argentine Railway Companies have not been very good of late, owing to the poor wheat crop. The maize crop, however, is now almost certain to be a record one, and as cutting is reported to have already commenced in the northern districts, we expect to see much better figures in the weekly Railway returns, and this should be reflected in the market.

The existence of a heavy "bear" account in Mount Elliotts was revealed at the settlement, and is naturally a source of strength to the market, but we continue to hold a very poor opinion of the shares.

The report of the Dolcoath Mine is not a very encouraging document, and can only add to the disappointment caused by the reduction of the dividend last month. The yield per ton of ore has been gradually declining for the last three years, and the results for the last half-year are no exception. In addition to this, both the tonnage treated and the price realised show a reduction. The profits for the half-year were the smallest earned for a very long time, and

the total dividend of 1s. 6d. for 1913 compares with 4s. for the preceding twelve months. The directors, however, fully expect that a recurrence of payable values will be met with, and we sincerely hope these expectations will be fulfilled, but it's a bit problematical at present.

AMERICAN BREWERIES.

The greatly improved prospects of some of the leading American Brewery Companies have been more widely recognised lately, and there has been much activity among the shares dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. From the information which reaches me, I am inclined to think that a further considerable rise in prices may take place in the early future. I will give to-day a few particulars of two of the more promising investments in this group—namely, the *Bartholomay Brewing Company*, and the *Milwaukee and Chicago*. The sales of the Bartholomay Company have increased steadily for the last eight years: for the year to Sept. 30, 1906, they amounted to 234,118 barrels, and to Sept. 30, 1913, had risen to 355,848 barrels. The first two months of the current year show a further increase of 3375 barrels. As a result, the profits for the last financial year increased to £45,058, and allowed of a dividend of 12 per cent. on the 8 per cent. Preference shares; for 1911, 6½ per cent. and for 1912, 8 per cent. was paid on these shares. It should be explained that there are £6 8s. of arrears to pay off on these 8 per cent. £10 Cumulative Preference shares before the Ordinary shares receive a dividend. These shares are now quoted at £10½; and it is significant that the Ordinary shares, which were quoted as low as 5s. last year, are now standing at £3½. It is expected that the arrears of dividend on the Preference shares will shortly be funded and a 5 per cent. Income Bond issued for the amount of the arrears. Assuming that this Income stock is quoted at only 70, this will be equivalent to £4 10s. per Preference share; so that a buyer at to-day's price is practically obtaining an 8 per cent. Preference share at £6½. There seems room for a clear £2 per share improvement in the price of these shares.

Milwaukee and Chicago Breweries stock stands at £70, and a dividend of 7½ per cent. was paid for last year; for the current year the chairman has announced that "unless anything unforeseen happens," the dividend will be raised to 8 per cent.; so that this stock can be bought to return nearly 11½ per cent. at the current price. This Company's sales have increased by 43 per cent. in the last twenty years; last year there was an increase of 50,390 barrels sold; and the first three months of the current year show a further increase of 7078 barrels. Out of last year's net profits of £119,300, £41,000 was set aside to general reserve, and the Company is now in a thoroughly satisfactory financial position. On the basis of the dividend expected for the current year, this stock will return 10 per cent. at £80, and it should rise to at least that figure.

I may add that I also hear well of the prospects of the *City of Chicago Brewing and Malting Company*, whose £10 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares are now quoted about £3½.

RUBBER REFORMS.

The Chairman's speech at the meeting of the Rubber Growers' Association confirmed very clearly the opinions which we expressed in these notes at the time when the committee's report was issued. Standardisation, combination, and the central selling agency scheme were all condemned as "commercially impracticable." And so they are. Apart from the jealousies and the variety of interests of the various Companies and groups, the questions of soil and climate must render general standardisation impossible for all time. This, however, should not prevent Companies whose estates adjoin from forming groups among themselves and agreeing to use the same methods of curing their rubber. If this were done and the latex from trees of different age kept separate, it should be possible to ship rubber under a common mark and thus ensure a regular supply. At present many manufacturers are chary of using the rubber of the smaller estates because they all differ slightly, which necessitates a change of formula.

With regard to the selling methods and charges, we see little need or prospect of drastic changes. Weekly auctions will probably be instituted before long, but we consider brokers, as a whole, both useful and capable, and their brokerage of ½ per cent. can hardly be reduced. Agents' commissions are larger, but in many cases they have helped to finance the Company, and supply offices and secretary at a cheap price, relying on their commission to recoup themselves.

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

VERSOM.—We think we answered you pretty fully by post. See also this week's Notes. The Oil shares we consider fair.

JOHORE.—We do not think you have made a very good selection and, in fact, do not see very much attraction in the group; hence the absence of Notes. Of those shares you mention, we like the Tea and Rubber share best; but why not buy Kuala-Selangor, if anything?

CARLINGFORD.—The following should suit you and are available for Trust funds: Wolverhampton Corporation 3½ per cent. (redeemable 1932), at 95; Natal Cus. 4 per cent. Debentures, 1926, at 101; or Western Australian 4 per cent.

ALPHA.—It is useless to pretend that either Company has very brilliant prospects; but you have held so long and prices are so low that it hardly seems worth selling now. We should run them a bit longer, but turn them out if ever the market looks good.

N. W. S.—(1) We have no news. (2) We should not like to go so far as to say it is hopeless; write again with more particulars.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Beginning Well. The season before Easter has started very well; the opening Court of the year was, so far as important attendances are concerned, the best for a long time. In addition to the appearance of Princess Arthur of



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S WEDDING-GIFT TO LADY ADELAIDE SPENCER: A DIAMOND BROOCH WITH THE INITIALS "E. A." IN DIAMONDS

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Connaught in the Royal circle as a bride, there were several interesting presentations on marriage—the Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Elgin, Lady Mary Crichton, Viscountess Combermere, Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild, and several others—a remarkable number of important brides. Then there were two débutantes from the first ranks of the Peerage—Lady Mary Hamilton, the Duchess of Abercorn's eldest daughter, and Lady Doreen Browne, youngest daughter of the Marchioness of Sligo; they are, be it said, remarkably pretty girls for any walk in life. There are many little dances going on; and if the political outlook would clear, we could look forward to good times.

The Grip of Card Games.

No doubt if time has to be killed, card games are a mild and sometimes painless way of doing the deed. Nevertheless, they round on the murderers, by gripping them in a more or less pitiless way. Medical men complain that patients are so eager to play Bridge that they retard their own recovery. Although there is not the same vogue for card-playing among smart folk as there was four or five seasons ago, it has obtained a great hold on other sorts and conditions of men and women. It seems a pity, from a good many points of view, that it is encouraged in villages. In one that I know, the old women have evenings, organised by influential people in the neighbourhood, for their amusement, at which whist is often played. There are whist-drives, with entrance-fees and prizes, for the younger villagers, into which they enter with great zest. Amusements they must and should have, but these seem hardly the right kind; there is an element of gambling in it; and I hear there is some playing cards for money on Sundays as a result. Yet the whist-drives are looked upon leniently by local authorities! Card-playing saves the richer people of a country community the trouble of amusing their poorer neighbours, but is apt to cause trouble to the players' families.

High Heads.

Hair-dressing is very appreciably higher; and, in Paris, among the smart women, it is arranged on the head-top. This is distinctly a good thing from a becoming standpoint; it is also good for little ladies, who obtain from a high coiffure a semblance of the virtue of height. Hair-ornaments, too, are far more effective when highly placed. *À la Marquise* is a favourite fashion in Paris; even, I believe, among the section of

our sex who wear green, purple, and blue locks.

Country Weddings.

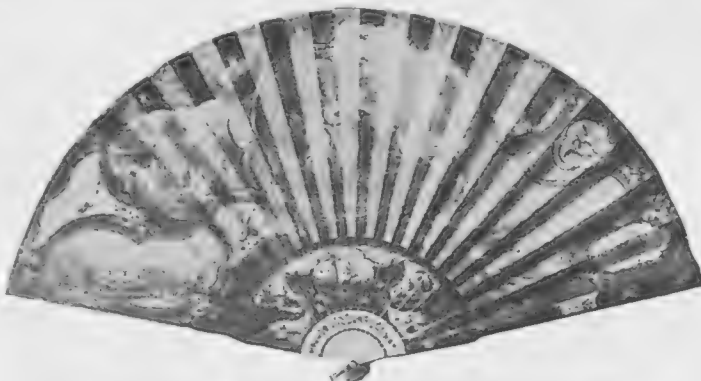
There were two interesting marriages last week in the country. One was that of Lady Adelaide Spencer at St. Mary's, Great Brington, an ancient church in which Spencers have been wont to worship for centuries. Lady Adelaide and the Hon. Sidney Peel had a trainload of guests from town to see them married, and the reception later was at Althorp. The bride had trained the choristers, and on every side it was apparent that she was married amid people, gentle and simple, who admired and loved her. The other wedding was at Melton Mowbray, also in St. Mary's Church, the bride the eldest daughter of Captain F. W. Forester, Master of the Quorn, and Mrs. Forester; the bridegroom, Mr. Arthur FitzGerald, Irish Guards, second son of the Knight of Kerry and Lady FitzGerald. The Duke of Connaught sent his godson, the bridegroom, a silver inkstand inscribed "To Arthur FitzGerald, from his Godfather, Arthur Duke of Connaught." There were presents of tiaras, necklaces, furniture of houses—even of a shooting-lodge in Ireland—for these fortunate young people, and the whole neighbourhood was en fête.



MOTHER OF A NEW HEIR TO THE CADOGAN EARLDOM: VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA, WHO RECENTLY GAVE BIRTH TO A SON.

Viscountess Chelsea's baby son, born on the 13th, is the second heir to the earldom of Cadogan. Viscount Chelsea, third and eldest surviving son of Earl Cadogan, became the heir on the death of his nephew in 1910. Viscountess Chelsea, who was married in 1911, was formerly Miss Lilian Coxon. She has a daughter, the Hon. Beatrix Cadogan, born in 1912.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THEIR MAJESTIES' WEDDING-PRESENT TO LADY ADELAIDE SPENCER: AN OLD FRENCH FAN GIVEN BY THE KING AND QUEEN.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Be Well Armed. The "flue" fiend is here, and many other ills springing from that least considered of ailments, the common cold. The catching of these is so much easier than catching nice things, such as trout, the stock market at the right moment, and so on; the way to avoid evils from cold is to keep fit, and the pleasantest and most efficacious way of doing so is to take Horlick's Malted Milk. A glass of it contains all the valuable nutritive elements of pure milk and of the choicest cereals. When travelling or pressed for time, take it in

the form of tabloids. Another evil, and a most insidious one, is brain-fagcausingsleeplessness. A glassful of Horlick's malted milk taken night and morning, also one in the middle of the day, will very pleasantly surprise the sufferer, who will bless the easy and pleasant remedy. It is the highest form of nourishment, and, supplied in powder or tablet form, is wonderfully convenient. It is excellent also for children, keeping them well and fit mentally and physically.

"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son), edited by Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, is now in its forty-eighth annual edition, that for 1914 recently published. In these days of elections and rumours of elections this well-known book of reference is particularly useful. It also contains a directory of Peers and other information beyond that indicated by the title.



THE BRIDE OF THE PEEL-SPENCER WEDDING AND TWO OF HER BRIDESMAIDS: LADY ADELAIDE SPENCER AND HER SISTERS, LADY LAVINIA AND LADY MARGARET SPENCER (IN THE MIDDLE).

The wedding of Lady Adelaide Spencer, eldest daughter of Earl Spencer, and the Hon. Sidney Peel, third son of the late Viscount Peel, took place at Brington, Northamptonshire, on the 18th. There were six bridesmaids, including the bride's two sisters, Lady Lavinia (born in 1899), and Lady Margaret (born in 1906).—[Photograph by Topical.]



WIFE OF A RETIRING GOVERNOR-GENERAL:

VISCOUNTESS GLADSTONE, WHOSE ILL-HEALTH IN SOUTH AFRICA CAUSED HER HUSBAND'S RESIGNATION.

In announcing Lord Gladstone's approaching retirement, the Colonial Secretary said: "Lord Gladstone's desire to be relieved of his office is due entirely to domestic reasons. He communicated his wish to me early last year, but he consented, on the urgent pressure of his Majesty's Government, to postpone his resignation till May or June next." Lady Gladstone, who was married in 1901, was formerly Miss Dorothy Paget. She is a daughter of the late Sir Richard Paget, first Baronet.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

MUSIC AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE production of "Die Walküre" at Covent Garden attracted a large audience, large enough to confirm the lurking suspicion in the writer's mind that public estimation places "Die Walküre" before any other of the "Ring" operas. This predilection is not hard to seek or justify. In the first act there is, perhaps, the most beautiful love-song in all the range of Wagner's music; the second act has moments of great dramatic force, and at least one scene of exquisite beauty; and in the third act there is the Fire Music. To be sure, Wotan is at large, and when he is not angry and dramatic, his tendency to tedious biography is in evidence; but Covent Garden had the courage last week to prune away a part of the superfluous material in the second act, for which relief, much thanks. In the old days when the "Ring" was seldom heard in London, the claims of novelty were so great that criticism could hardly get a hearing. Now we know that the "Ring" has too much Wotan, just as "Parsifal" holds Gurnemanz in excess. For the sake of the purist, we endure many dull moments and derange the dinner-hour. Last week's performance was well arranged. The curtain rose at seven, and fell at about 11.30, the waits between the acts being rather beyond the limit of the scheduled time.

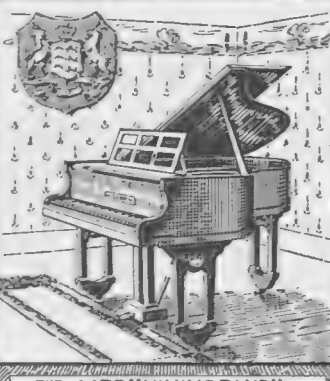
Artur Bodanzky conducted. He is a man of more than ordinary talent, and he is generally helpful to his singers; but he was inclined to give his orchestra too much freedom. The brass and percussion instruments exulted in their strength; their triumph was unnecessary, for we all knew that they are very powerful. The finale to the first act was smothered by the drums; and there were moments when the brass challenged singers with a verve and determination that carried it headlong to victory. This did not happen often, but it should not happen at all. Frau Eva von der Osten was the Sieglinde, and, save for a rather unfortunate slip in the first act, acquitted herself finely. She is a great actress as well as a gifted singer; whether she is well advised to appear as Sieglinde on one night, and as Isolde on the next, is a question worth asking. There was real charm in her reading of the part, and at the same time there were signs of inexperience. It would be interesting to know if she has essayed the rôle before. Herr Urlus was the Siegmund; his acting was extremely good. Frau Rüsche-Endorf, as Brunnhilde, is quietly convincing, but is dominated by the part. There are only a few great artists who can carry the weight of the most exacting rôle Wagner ever penned. Ternina was the greatest of them all;

other Brunnhildes are women, superbly vigorous and vocal at times, but women always: Ternina was a goddess. Herr Bender's Wotan is a fine creation, differing at many points from the usual readings, but strong, sympathetic, and interesting. It is needless to praise Herr Knupfer's Hunding, for it is the work of a man who is always worth hearing. The Walküre themselves should study deportment and strive to be less self-conscious; they sang fairly well, but they did not suggest the daughters of Wotan. It was impossible to think of anyone of them mounting a horse and dashing off to bring slain warriors to Valhalla. They could not have done it, and it is extremely unlikely that they would have been as ill-advised as to try. Their gestures were feeble; some were not quite sure of skirts or of helmets. It is a thousand pities that Mme. Cavallazzi-Mapleson has retired to her well-earned rest in Ravenna; and that Mr. Turveydrop has left no successor. English men and women should master the truth that if they wish to succeed in grand opera, they must learn to move as if they had complete mastery over limbs and draperies, and they must learn to sing without keeping one anxious eye on the conductor's bâton.

The revival of "Die Meistersinger," too late for notice here this week, is an event of the first importance because we have Wagner in his most attractive aspects. The genius of comedy has smiled on "Die Meistersinger"; passion can hardly go further than in "Die Walküre" and "Tristan," and the height of mysticism is reached by "Parsifal." Then, again, these are all works of Wagner's latter day; they are the complete expression of his art. Down to the time of writing, the season has been favoured by the weather, and in winter this is a matter of the first importance. The attendance has been good for every opera, save "Joseph," and the neglect of this fine work is a distinct reproach to London. People are not generally aware of the fact that Wagner himself had the greatest admiration for Méhul's opera; he recognised, in the frankest fashion, its many charming qualities. It is to be hoped that the attitude of London will not be shared by other cities, and that "Joseph" will soon find a hearing throughout the country. The Moody-Manners Company would, one imagines, be extremely well advised to add to its repertoire such a melodious and charming work. With very few exceptions, all who have heard have admired it, and there is a fairly general feeling that if Méhul would have but introduced Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar, he would have appealed, if not to his own generation, to the generation then unborn. This is probably true, but it is possible to pay too large a price for popularity. If "Joseph" has failed, it is because the modern audience is not attracted by charm and simplicity.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Peel-Spencer Wedding; Dresses and Hats in Tiny Boxes; "Broadway Jones," at the Prince of Wales's; A Suggestion for the Chelsea Arts Club Ball; "Mr. Wu," at the Strand; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Savoy; Posing in Bed for the Portrait; Mlle. Adeline Genée; Miss Ethel Irving; The Waterloo Cup.

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Dear Sirs,

I have seen some very interesting advertisements of the 'Swan' fountain pen, and I think it will be of interest to you to hear that I am writing this letter with a 'Swan' pen bought at Cape Town over 20 years ago. It is still in good condition, and although in daily use all these years, I have never had the nib renewed. Needless to say, I take great care of it and hope to keep it in going order for many years. It is like an old friend, and I am never without it in my pocket.

(Signed) J. F. Hibbins,
42, Carnarvon Road,
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This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

February 25, 1914.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to

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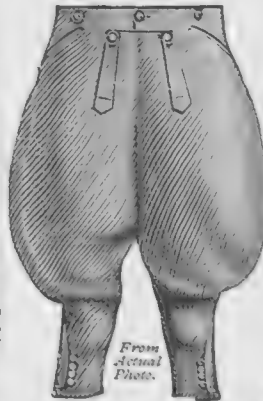
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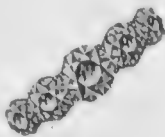
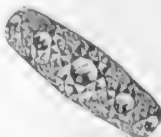
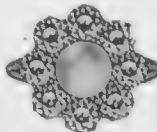
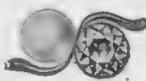
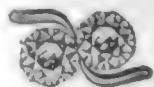
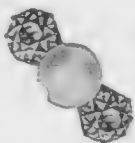
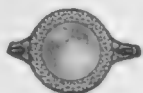
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Pebeco Tooth Paste regularly used helps you to insure both. It keeps the gums healthy and firm, strengthens the teeth, and, by purifying the mouth and dispelling the conditions in which harmful bacteria thrive, prevents decay, infection, and ill-health. A trial soon proves this.

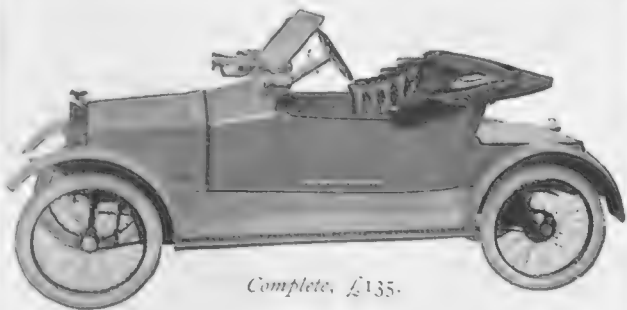
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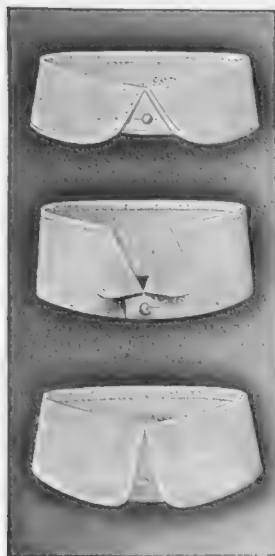
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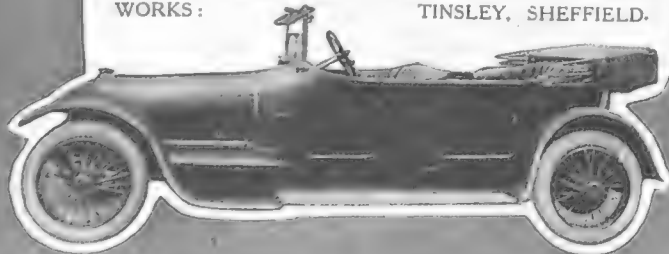
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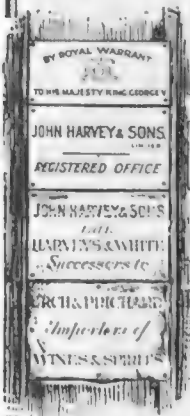
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ONE would rather like to know Mr. Arnold Bennett's opinion of "Helen with the High Hand," which Mr. Richard Pryce has adapted from the novel of the same name without succeeding, in my opinion, in retaining any of the peculiar flavour constituting the charm of the book. Regarded simply as an ordinary very light comedy, it is amusing. Most of the laughter comes from Mr. Norman McKinnel, quite droll in the character of Ollerenshaw, the local miser, though it is very difficult to believe that the Helen of the play would have got the better of him. The actor exhibited very well that vein of humour which distinguished his performance in "Great Catherine," and was quite amusing as Ollerenshaw. Of course, one can conceive a different treatment of the part, such as Mr. James Welch could have given. Miss Nancy Price, whilst acting with ability, was too Londonish and ladylike for the heroine, and apt to be rather self-conscious. We wanted a good deal more of Mrs. Prockter, on account of the admirable performance of Miss Rosina Filippi, thrown into the play for a particular scene. Mr. Norman Trevor was all right as the rough hero, and Mr. Hargreaves in the part of his comic rival. The best piece of character-acting was by Miss Agnes Hill.

Last week the Stage Society gave us two plays by Anatole France. One, "Au Petit Bonheur," was an essay on the psychology of woman, a light and graceful thing—a little too smooth and well turned in its dialogue, perhaps, for our rough English language, though Mr. Ashley Dukes had translated it quite satisfactorily; the other, "The Comedy of the Man who Married a Dumb Wife," a mediæval jest told with a strict and almost exaggerated simplicity. They were gently amusing, both of them, in a delicately literary and precious way; and they were excellently played. Miss Miriam Lewes, who was (in the first of them) the lady who wavered between the rough, true lover and the eloquent humbug, succeeded in catching the tone of the conversation better than anybody else; and Miss Madge McIntosh, Mr. Claude King, and Mr. Malcolm Cherry were quite good. In the second, the chief feature was the acting of Mr. Rudge Harding as the husband, and of Miss Maire O'Neill as the wife who regained her power of speech and spoke so incessantly that he had to undergo an operation to make him deaf. Clever little sketches were contributed by Mr. Edward Rigby and Mr. A. S. Homewood; and both plays were much enjoyed.

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"The Rocks of Valpré."

By ETHEL M. DELL.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

The hardened novel-reader and Miss Dell will always get on together. The hardened novel-reader is a creature of fixed mental diet; things have to be of a certain quality, and they must be cooked just so. The author of "The Rocks of Valpré" understands him to a marvel, and the result is such as should command his gratitude. Not beauty for the heroine—there are shades, after all, in the trite—but dazzling bronze-red hair, and sea-blue eyes, and radiant whiteness of skin, and irresistible charm—when it is a matter of charm for our heroines we must all submit to the trite. And she pervades thus a picturesque prologue served by way of *hors d'œuvre*—the sunny Breton shore, and the rocks, of course, with their magic cave, under whose spell come the childlike Chris and her debonair young soldier (of the old noblesse, be it understood). His courage, his chivalry, his high sentiments are *épatants*. He is nice up to the dreams of the most sophisticated lady novelist. It might be a thought too sweet without the little *gamin* of a terrier, Cinders—"le bon Cinders," as Bertrand so pleasantly alludes to him. But Cinders is there, invariably, and he also achieves sweetness in his fashion. *Après*—a deluge of sin and sorrow: the polished French youth who had saluted destiny so gaily, pursued by it in horrid fashion—an *affaire Dreyfus* being a mere incident among his misfortunes; while the gay innocence of Cinders' mistress gets slowly battered into terror and deceit by a naughty world. A more familiar dish still is provided by Trevor Mordaunt, English, rich, capable, strong, silent; the mixture of prig, bully, and lover adored of women—above all, designed to lend the *menu* a piquancy of contrast. Between the two men Chris had a difficult choice, both being so pre-eminently "nice." But marriage is a certain help in these uncertainties, and death is a still surer one; without these firm indications, the winning young creature could never have come to a conclusion. All this has been brightly related by Miss Dell, and the reviewer of a great daily has declared ambiguously that "hundreds of thousands of readers will probably, within the next few weeks, regard 'The Rocks of Valpré' as the most beautiful book they have ever read." Miss Dell's publisher cynically sets this forth in a fine advertisement, so she, he, and the hundreds of thousands may therefore be left to a mutual pleasure—and profit.

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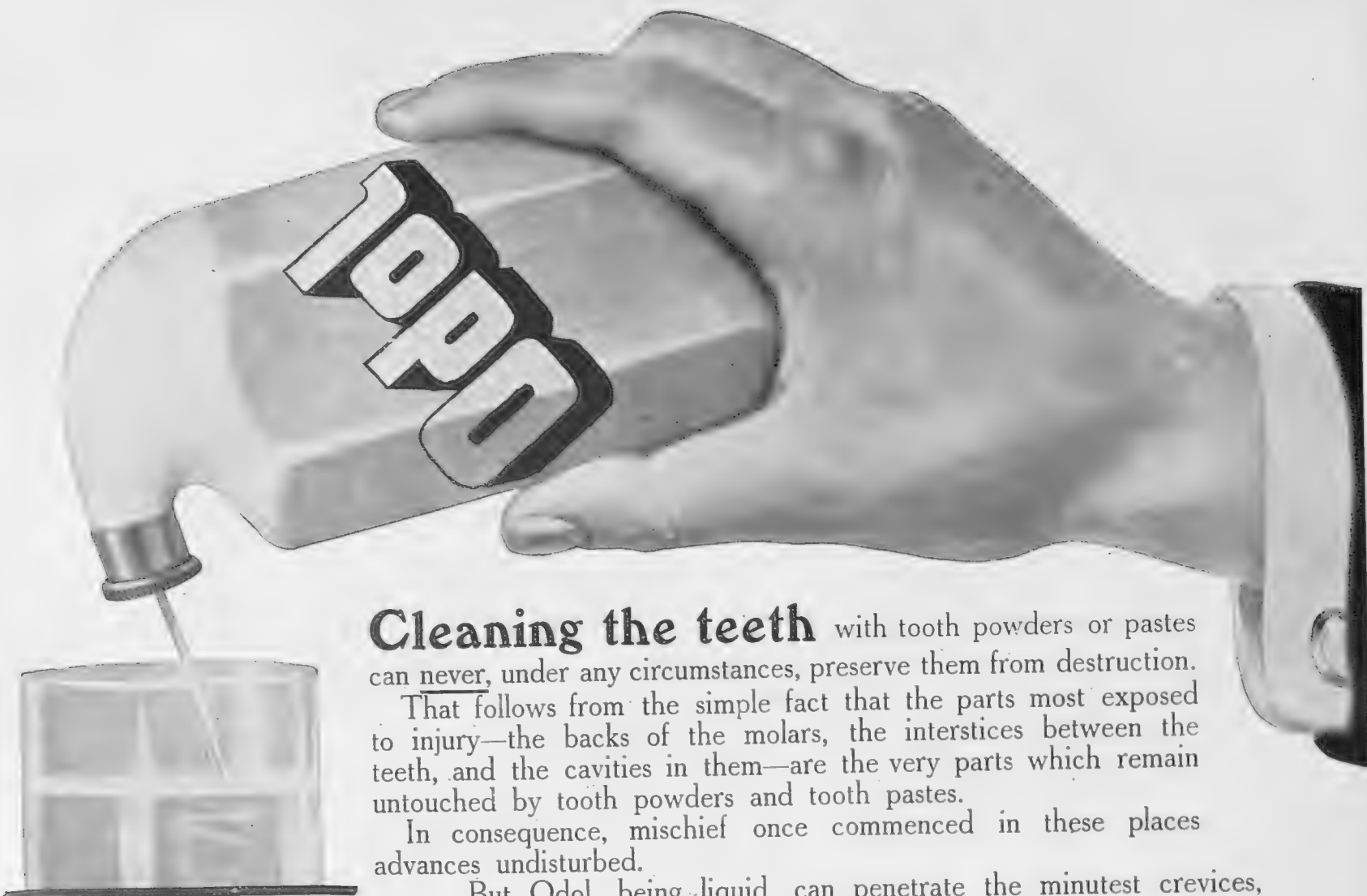
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MR. WU, COURTEOUSLY CHANGING HIS CAPTIVE'S CUP FOR HIS OWN, DRINKS THE POISONED BREW: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS MRS. GREGORY AND MR. MATHESON LANG AS WU LI CHANG, AT THE STRAND.

It will be remembered that in "Mr. Wu," the Anglo-Chinese play which is one of the successes of the day, Mrs. Gregory, who has fallen into Mr. Wu's hands and has realised that she herself must be the price of her son's freedom, searches for some means of escape, and finds it almost miraculously in a little phial of poison, which she contrives to empty into the cup of tea prepared for her by the mandarin. As

Wu returns, she snatches up the cup. Then, following a custom of courtesy, Mr. Wu changes cups with his captive and drinks. Immediately, the poison works; and Wu, seeking revenge even in his death agony, seizes a sword and strikes at the woman. Instead, as he falls, he hits a gong and unconsciously gives the signal for Basil Gregory's release. The doors open; and Mrs. Gregory stumbles out to meet her son at the gate.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

DECORATED SHAKESPEARE: "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."



1



2

1. A ROOM IN THE PALACE: THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA, QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS, HOLD AUDIENCE.

2. IN THE FAIRY KINGDOM: THE MEETING OF THE GOLDEN TITANIA AND THE GOLDEN OBERON AND THEIR TRAINS IN A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

Mr. Granville Barker's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Savoy, is decorated by Mr. Norman Wilkinson. The illustrations on this page and on the next three give a good idea of that decoration; that is to say, of the scenery and of the costumes. In the first photograph here seen, the chief figures are those of

Miss Evelyn Hope as Hippolyta; Mr. Baliol Holloway as Theseus; and Mr. Herbert Hewetson as Philostrate, Master of the Revels to the Duke. In the second photograph, the chief figures are those of Miss Christine Silver as Titania (crowned), and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry as Oberon (crowned).

AT THE SAVOY: THE NEW "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."



1. THE PRESENTATION OF "THE MOST LAMENTABLE COMEDY AND MOST CRUEL DEATH OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE" BEFORE THESEUS AND HIS COURT
IN THE PALACE AT ATHENS.

2. "NOW, UNTIL THE BREAK OF DAY, THROUGH THIS HOUSE EACH FAIRY STRAY. . . . TRIP AWAY; MAKE NO STAY: MEET ME ALL BY
BREAK OF DAY": THE GOLDEN FAIRIES IN THE PALACE OF THESEUS.

In the first photograph the chief figures are those of Mr. Arthur Whitby as Quince as Prologue in "Pyramus and Thisbe"; Mr. Nigel Playfair as Bottom as Pyramus; Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Flute as Thisbe; Mr. Stratton Rodney as Snout as the Wall; Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Starveling as Thisbe's mother (and the Moon and the Thorn-Bush!); and Mr. Neville Gartside as Snug as the Lion.

GOLDEN AND HIGHLY - COLOURED SHAKESPEARE: FIGURE



1. GOLDEN IMMORTALS: GILDED FAIRIES DANCING ROUND THE GILDED TITANIA AND HER GILDED ATTENDANTS IN A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

3. THE CLOWNS: REHEARSING THAT "MOST LAMENTABLE COMEDY AND MOST CRUEL DEATH OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

We need not remind our readers that Mr. Granville Barker's remarkable production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy has—with its golden fairies, its highly-coloured mortals, and its very "new" decoration—aroused a great deal of interest and some controversy. In the first photograph on this double-page, Miss Christine Silver as Titania is in the centre. The chief figures in No. 2 are (on the ground on the left) Mr. E. Ion Swinley as Lysander and Miss Laura Cowie as Hermia; (in the centre) Miss Evelyn Hope as Hippolyta and Mr. Baliol Holloway as Theseus; and (on the ground on the right)

SCENES FROM THE SAVOY'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."



2. GAILY - COLOURED MORTALS : THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA, QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS, FIND THE LOVERS ASLEEP IN A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

4. THE CLOWNS : BOTTOM, TRANSLATED BY PUCK, IS BROUGHT BEFORE HIS FELLOWS WITH AN ASS'S HEAD

Miss Lillah McCarthy as Helena and Mr. Guy Rathbone as Demetrius. In the third photograph (from left to right) are Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Flute ; Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Starveling ; Mr. Stratton Rodney as Snout ; Mr. Arthur Whitby as Quince ; Mr. Nigel Playfair as Bottom ; and Mr. Neville Gartside as Snug. In the fourth photograph are Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Starveling ; Mr. Nigel Playfair as Bottom ; Mr. Donald Calthrop as Puck ; Miss Christine Silver as Titania ; Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Flute ; Mr. Arthur Whitby as Quince ; Mr. Neville Gartside as Snug ; and Mr. Stratton Rodney as Snout

BY-BYE PHOTOGRAPHS! POSING IN BED FOR



THE STUDIO - BEDROOM.



MISS KITTY KENT.

Everything possible is done nowadays to get away from the conventional poses the photographers of other days were wont to set. We have had of late, for example, the bare-back photograph; now we have the in-bed portrait, which we are informed has become popular

Photographs by the

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MISS DOROTHY MONKMAN.



MISS NELLIE BRIARCLIFFE.

not only amongst beauties of the stage, but amongst Society ladies. All the photographs here given were taken at the Dover Street Studios, where a studio-bedroom is fitted up for the benefit of those desirous of following the new craze by being posed between the sheets and under blanket and quilt.

Dover Street Studios.

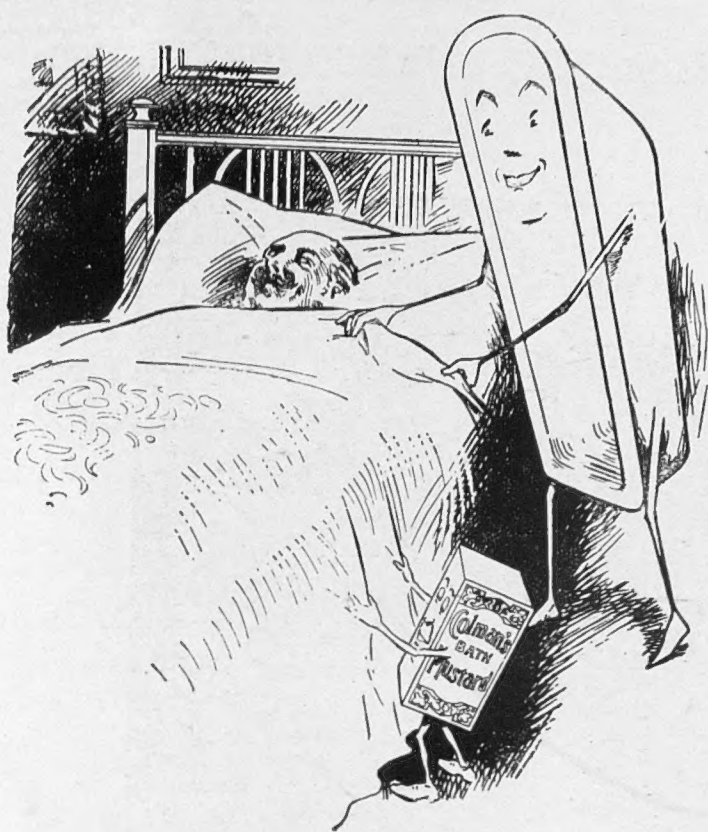
TO RETIRE; BUT TO DANCE IN LONDON BEFORE HER FAREWELL.



TO APPEAR AT THE COLISEUM FOR EIGHT WEEKS, FROM MARCH 2: Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE,
THE FAMOUS DANCER.

To the great regret of all, Mlle. Genée has announced her intention of retiring from the stage, but London is to have, at all events, one chance of seeing her again; for she is to appear at the Coliseum on March 2 for a season lasting eight weeks. The first two weeks she will devote to "Robert le Diable"; the next

two to "La Danse"; the third fortnight to "La Camargo"; and the fourth fortnight to "The Dryad." Meantime, those famous dancers, Mlles. Karsavina, Pavlova, Phyllis Bedells, Lydia Kyasht, and Karina are asking funds for a testimonial to Mlle. Genée.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]



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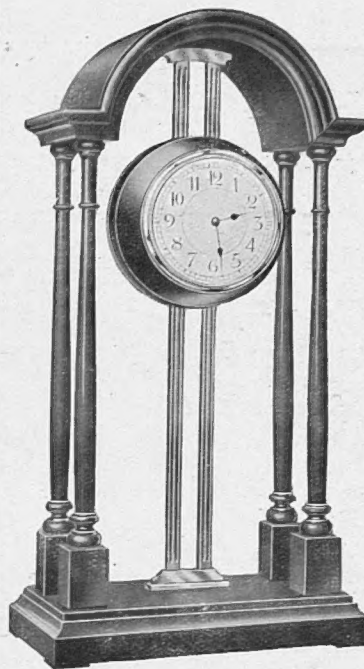
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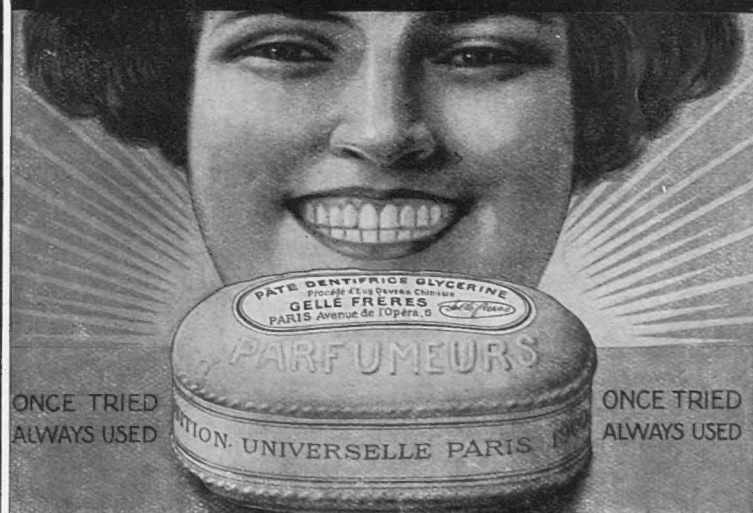
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